



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823

M454s

1829

v. 2

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

MAR 20 1983

134

STORIES

OF

WATERLOO;

AND OTHER TALES.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!

Scott.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET

823
m454s
1829
812

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
NAPOLEON'S RETURN	1
THE CHAMP DE MAI	13
BELGIUM	25
THE PARK	33
THE LITTLE MAJOR'S LOVE ADVENTURE	41
THE TALL MAJOR'S STORY	49
THE INTERVIEW	75
THE BALL	89
LETTERS, AND A LOST MISTRESS	111
QUATRE-BRAS	135
LIGNY	157
THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE	173
THE CAVALRY PICKET	185
MAURICE MAC CARTHY	193

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

VOL. II.

A

12

NAPOLEON'S RETURN.

God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woful land at once !

SHAKESPEARE.

LEAVING the British regiments on their march to the Belgian capital, we must for a short time recall the reader's attention to a singular event, which threatened to alter the destinies of Europe.

Buonaparte had returned from exile, and re-ascended the throne of the Bourbons amidst the acclamation of the soldiery, and if not with the approbation, at least with the tacit assent of the people of France. The splendid victories

of the campaign of 1814 were rendered useless by this unexpected occurrence. Europe would be convulsed anew; the blood of her bravest must flow afresh; and the wearied soldier would resume his harness, and once more hurry to the field.

No event in past history parallels the return of Napoleon: reverses never fell on any more severely and decisively. In the annals of conquerors, the strangest story was his own; and Fortune appeared to have placed him upon a pinnacle of pride, merely to mark her own mutability. Hurlled from the sovereignty of half the world, his star had lost its ascendancy, apparently to rise no more; when, lo! the captive of Elba returns; the purple is offered to him by the united voice of the empire; and, as if legions sprung at his bidding from the earth, he takes the field again, the leader of a devoted army.

The first care of the French emperor was to restore the military power of the kingdom,

which the disastrous campaigns of Russia and Leipzig had miserably abridged. The memory of past victories was recalled, and martial glory, that powerful touchstone to national feeling, was displayed in tempting lustre to win the people to his standard. The male population capable of bearing arms was called out by ordinances and decrees; while the veteran army gladly assembled again beneath the eagles, which they had followed so often in the proudest days of their success.

Nor was it attachment to Napoleon's person alone which spurred on the military portion of the empire to that enthusiastic display of feeling with which they marked the return of the exiled emperor. National vanity and wounded pride were undoubtedly exciting causes. In the last disastrous years of Napoleon's power the French armies had been driven from the scenes of their brightest triumphs by an enemy they had formerly humbled and despised; and those who had once dictated terms to half the

sovereigns of Europe, within the walls of their respective capitals, had been driven for shelter to their own. They saw a mighty territory, acquired by years of victory, torn from their grasp ; their kingdom lessened to its ancient limits ; and beautiful France despoiled of conquests and denuded of glory.

Had it been ever doubted that Buonaparte was the idol of the French nation, the strange events which occurred from his landing in the Gulf of Juan, to his departure from Paris to join the army of the North, would have dispelled it.

His march upon the capital was only delayed to receive the homage of the towns he traversed ; and the temporary suspension of his power appeared to have more closely united him to the soldiery and people. On the 1st of March he landed in the department of the Var ; and on the 19th quitted Auxerre for Paris, and receiving the public authorities on the road, he reposed for a short time at Pont-sur-

Yonne, and at four in the morning entered the Palace of Fontainebleau ; in less than a fortnight from the time his landing at Cannes had been promulgated to the Parisians.

Three hours before Napoleon's arrival Louis had abandoned his capital. Every thing connected with his flight betrayed imbecility and dismay. The *secrétaire* containing the private correspondence of his late brother and the Duchess of Angoulême was forgotten in his haste ; and the private memorials of family affection, with the secret state papers of his minister De Blacas, were found in the Tuileries after his departure. He hurried from a kingdom unwilling to obey his feeble rule, and crossing the French frontiers, entered Ghent, attended by a single dragoon.

Early that morning the news of his rival's flight was communicated to Napoleon at Fontainebleau. It would have been expected that Buonaparte would have hastened to resume his abdicated throne, and with all the splendour of

military display announce his triumphal return to the good citizens of Paris; but he declined the parade; and while thousands were waiting to hail his approach, that master-spirit calmly passed through the long line of equipages, formed by the dignitaries of the court, and the representatives of the municipal bodies, and alighted from his travelling carriage at the Tuileries. Pressing with difficulty through the immense crowd, who thronged the halls and staircase to testify their devotion, he was borne in the arms of his aides-de-camp to his private apartments, where his sisters, Julia and Hortense, and the chief officers of the household had assembled to receive the Exile of Elba.

Although the fatigue of a rapid march from the Gulf of Juan might have required a season of repose, the night of his return was spent in consultation with his ministers and friends. On the next morning he reviewed the troops, who received him with rapturous plaudits: forming them into squares, he ha-

ranged them with his customary animation; and heard in return his address answered by oaths of fidelity, and assurances of unaltered attachment to his family and himself.

The tide of Napoleon's fortune rolled prosperously on. The Swiss guards, who formed the household troops of the late king, were quietly disbanded at St. Denys. Addresses of congratulation from the ministers and public bodies poured in. A show of resistance in the south gradually subsided. Bourdeaux, Toulouse, and Montauban, surrendered to the troops despatched against them; and the Duc d'Angoulême, after a feeble effort at opposition, was happy to secure his safety through a capitulation with one of Buonaparte's lieutenants: all resistance to his authority was now at an end; and on the 17th of April the cannon of the batteries saluted him undisputed sovereign of all within the ancient boundaries of France.

But while this bold attempt to recover his

forfeited crown had been attended with flattering results, Buonaparte was not insensible to the danger of the position in which even his success had placed him. His overtures to the diplomatic representatives of the European sovereigns at Vienna were disdainfully rejected; and his celebrated letter to the English regent returned with an unbroken seal. He felt that a tremendous storm was about to burst, and determined resistance alone could save him. No time was lost in issuing an imperial mandate to organise a military force commensurate to the threatening danger;—and accordingly, extraordinary commissioners were despatched to the respective divisions of the empire to enforce the operations of the decree. That splendid corps, the Imperial Guard, was re-established; an immense artillery, the most powerful arm of the French army, by which half its victories had been won, was collected or created; arms of all descriptions were fabricated; the cavalry remounted and

increased ; and all the necessary *matériel* for the field completed in a space of time which bore testimony to the unbounded energy of Napoleon.

The measures of the French emperor were equally directed to the prosecution of foreign or domestic war, while his efforts to form the army on an immense scale were incessant ; much care was directed to secure the country from a sudden invasion. The interior lines of the fortresses were placed in a state of defence, and the National Guard called out. To protect Paris, a line of fortifications was planned, and would have been attempted, had not Carnot considered it impracticable, and ridiculed the idea. Works, however, were hastily thrown up on the heights of Mont Martre, Chaumont, and Misnil Montant ; a proceeding not likely to remove the apprehensions of the Parisians, as it betrayed the probability of two events occurring—a hostile advance upon the

capital, and a determination to withstand a siege.

None knew the effect of theatric display upon the national feeling of France better than their emperor ; and accordingly, a spectacle of imposing splendour was got up. A Champ de Mai was arranged ; and, to add to the importance of the ceremony, the “*Acte additionnel aux constitutions de l’empire*” was prepared ; and this occasion was selected to give it in form to the nation.

THE CHAMP DE MAI.

THE CHAMP DE MAI.

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

SHAKSPEARE.

A HUNDRED cannon discharged from the bridge of Jena ushered in the Champ de Mai. In front of the military school a mighty amphitheatre was formed for the accommodation of the spectators, as well as of those who were to assist in the ceremony. An altar, surmounted with a canopy, and surrounded by seats for priests and choristers, occupied the centre of

the immense temporary building, which was supposed to be capable of containing twenty thousand persons. A throne, destined for Napoleon, stood before an extensive pyramidical platform; and benches, ornamented with eagles, were divided into several tiers, and each inscribed with the name of the respective department, was filled by the deputies who represented them.

The intervening spaces of this mighty area were crowded by the grand officers of the court, and the members of the public bodies. Arrayed in dresses of unequalled splendour, the appearance of the assembled dignitaries was strikingly grand; and the *élite* of the French army, comprising Buonaparte's own guards, and the finest regiments of the line, with their glittering arms and appointments, completed a spectacle of majestic brilliancy.

Amid the thunder of artillery, and the acclamations of thousands of the citizens who occupied the exterior of the splendid amphitheatre,

surrounded by the marshals and nobles of the empire, Napoleon presented himself to the assembly, and placed himself upon the throne. His dress was sumptuous: he wore a mantle of purple velvet, ornamented with ermine and embroidery, with a black Spanish hat, richly plumed, and looped in front with a diamond of transcendant beauty. For a time, the roar of cannon, and the acclamation of the populace that hailed his *entrée*, were deafening. Bowing repeatedly to the assembly, while all beside remained uncovered, he seated himself on the throne, with his brothers Joseph, Jerome, and Lucien, on either side; and the artillery being silenced, the ceremony opened by the celebration of mass by the Archbishop of Tours and Cardinal de Bayann.

The religious portion of the pageant appeared to excite little interest in Napoleon's mind. His opera-glass wandered over the countless multitude who composed the spectacle; and his attention was not recalled until the mass

was concluded, and the central deputations from the electors of the empire, comprising five members of each electoral college, marshalled by the conductor of the ceremonies, ascended the platform, and stood before the throne. Dubois, deputy of Maine and Loire, in a loud and commanding voice, then proceeded with his address. The harangue teemed with sentiments of patriotic attachment, and breathed towards the person of the emperor expressions of inviolable fidelity.

As the orator proceeded, Napoleon marked his approbation with nods and encouraging smiles, till Dubois, after alluding to the pacific overtures which had been just submitted to the Allies, concluded with these bold and ominous words:—"If they leave us only the choice between war and infamy, the entire nation will rise to war. It absolves you from the too moderate offers which you have made to save Europe from fresh convulsions. All Frenchmen are soldiers. Victory will attend our

eagles; and our enemies, who calculate upon our discord, will bitterly repent that they have incensed us."

Amidst thunders of applause, the deputy ceased speaking; when the Arch-Chancellor arose, and advancing to Napoleon, notified the acceptance of the constitution. It was ratified by a million and a half of affirmative suffrages; and with a flourish of trumpets, a herald proclaimed, in the name of the Emperor, that the additional acts to the constitutions of the empire were accepted by the French people.

Again the batteries saluted, and a sustained cheer resounded from the assembly. A golden table and standish were placed before the Emperor; and while the Arch-Chancellor unfolded the parchment, and Joseph Buonaparte presented the pen, Napoleon ratified the deed by placing his signature to the Constitution.

When the popular approbation, which this part of the ceremonial occasioned, had subsided, the Emperor prepared to address the assembly.

Although short of stature, and not gifted with the commanding exterior which is so requisite to arrest the attention of the populace, the fire of his penetrating eye, and the peculiar energy of his action, amply compensated for inelegant demeanour, and the defects of a voice, neither sweet nor powerful--and now, when raised beyond its compass, shrill and indistinct. He read his speech from a written paper, and the style and language left little doubt that the composition was his own:—

“ Emperor—consul—soldier—I hold every thing from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field and in the council, in power and in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions.” A tissue of invective against the monarchs, “ violators of all principles,” mingled with allusions to the national attachment towards himself, succeeded, until he thus wound up his harangue:—“ Were it not my country alone which the enemies of France aim at, I would surrender to their mercy

the life which they so inveterately pursue. But say to the citizens, that so long as they preserve for me those sentiments of affection which they have so frequently manifested, the rage of our enemies shall be impotent. Frenchmen! my will is that of the people—my rights are theirs—my honour, my glory, my happiness, can never be separated from the honour, glory, and happiness of France.”

He ceased amid rapturous applause. When the tumult excited by his address had subsided, the Archbishop of Bourges, Grand Almoner of the empire, presented the Evangelists on his knees to Napoleon, who swore to observe, and cause the Constitution to be observed. The Arch-Chancellor then tendered his obedience to the Constitution and the Emperor—and, animated with one feeling, the whole assembly swore submission to the laws, and fidelity to Napoleon.

When this act of allegiance had been performed, the steps of the throne were cleared, and

the central deputation was withdrawn, displaying a long line of dazzling splendour from the throne to the altar. Carnot, in a white Spanish dress of great magnificence, carried the eagle of the national guard. Davoust bore that of the first regiment of the line, and that of the marine corps was supported by Decres. A scene unequalled in effect followed.

Buonaparte sprang from his throne, and casting aside his purple mantle, rushed on to meet his eagles; the momentary silence was instantly changed into an enthusiastic shout, which seemed to thrill through the hearts of all. Taking the eagles respectfully from the bearers, he returned them to each, with a spirited exhortation to follow them to glory, and perish in their defence; while at the close of each address the oaths of the excited soldiery responded to the adjurations of their emperor.

Buonaparte, habited in a crimson tunic, and surrounded by marshals, nobles, and dignitaries, from the platform in the open area distributed

the eagles to the different regiments, and viewed the troops attentively as they filed off in slow time before him. Nothing could be more imposing than this part of the splendid pageant. Amid the crash of military music, the blaze of martial decoration, and the glitter of innumerable arms, fifty thousand men passed by. The countless concourse of spectators, their prolonged vociferation, the occasion, the man, the mighty events which hung in suspense, all concurred to excite feelings and reflections which only such a scene could have produced.

Nor was Napoleon himself unmoved. When the last files of the long array had passed, he boldly resumed his seat upon the throne; and while his face beamed pride, and joy, and confidence, he witnessed the close of the ceremony; and retiring amid fresh bursts of enthusiastic approbation, which he repeatedly and graciously acknowledged, in all the pomp and glory of a king, and a conqueror, under the thunder of artillery, he again alighted at the Tuileries.

Thus ended the Champ de Mai, a spectacle of unrivalled grandeur, a ceremony which seemed to mark the dynasty of France as settled for ever, and the diadem placed upon Napoleon's brow beyond the possibility of being removed. But, in one short month, the red field of Waterloo too fatally demonstrated the fallacy of human calculations.

BELGIUM.

BELGIUM.

WHILE Napoleon's energies were exercised in the capital, his enemies were actively employed on the northern frontier of France. Wellington, having signed on behalf of the Prince Regent, the treaty of Vienna on the 25th of March, was nominated Commander-in-chief of the British army, and arrived at Brussels on the 5th of April. Shortly after, the troops of the King of the Netherlands were placed under the Duke's control, and these, with the contingents of Nassau and Brunswick-Oels, formed the Anglo-Belgic army.

Wellington's first care on assuming the com-

mand at Brussels, was to concert a combined system of mutual operation with the Prussian forces, which were cantoned in the vicinity of Namur and Charleroi. The strong towns of Antwerp, Ostend, Tournay, Ypres, Mons, and Ghent, were occupied. Têtes-de-pont and other field works were hastily constructed, and by the constant employment of 20,000 men, all was completed on the 12th of June. Reinforcements were sent from England with the greatest promptitude, and regiments which were returning to Britain, on the conclusion of the American war, were disembarked at Ostend, without being permitted to revisit their native shores. The activity of the illustrious Duke was well seconded by a zealous co-operation of the government at home, and the country was drained of its soldiery, and the treasury of its funds, to afford efficient resources for opening this eventful campaign.

Previous to the commencement of hostilities, the position of the Anglo-Belgic army was

unfortunately extensive and detached. This arrangement of the Duke's was however unavoidable; the preceding harvest in the Low Countries had been short and unproductive, and consequently the British cantonments extended over a considerable surface.

The right wing, under Lord Hill, occupied Ath; the left, under the Prince of Orange, embraced Braine-le-Comte and Nivelles; a cavalry corps, commanded by the Marquess of Anglesey, was established round Grammont; and a strong reserve, composed of all arms, occupied the town and neighbourhood of Brussels.

Belgium, destined soon to be the scene of action, had been frequently before the theatre of war. Its relative situation to France, and the peculiar localities of its own surface, had particularly adapted it for military operations; and hence it had witnessed many a fierce campaign. Its plains and fortresses had all their respective tales of martial achievement; and few towns,

within its well-founded frontiers, failed to recall some memorable affair of arms. The Belgic plains, usually terminating in undulating grounds, or bolder acclivities, were admirably calculated for the extended movements of an army, the general openness of the country allowing cavalry to act in large masses; while the intersections of its rivers and canals, its numerous bridges, roads, and villages, sustained by strong towns and regular fortresses, afforded many favourable positions to await a battle, and rendered the attempt at dislodging even an inferior force, a matter of considerable difficulty.

To a commander circumstanced as Wellington was, great perplexity in distributing his army must occur. The method and point of Napoleon's attack were alike involved in mystery. He might also decide on adopting a defensive course of war, and permit the allies to become the aggressors. This latter, from his well-known character, as well as the preparatory movements towards a grand concentration

of his forces, was certainly not probable. But where he would precipitate himself was the difficulty. He was already in force round Maubeuge and Binch, and consequently Nivelles and Charleroi were equally exposed; or he might have operated by feints. On the right, with the corps of Count Girard, he might have made a false attack on Namur; or on the left, with that of D'Erlon, he might have threatened Courtrai from Lille: while, in reality, leaving the wood of Soignies on his right, and advancing by Mons, Braine-le-Compte and Itall, he would have made himself master of Brussels, and, by possessing the capital, place himself in the rear of the allied forces, and accelerate an insurrectionary burst amongst the Belgians, a proceeding, on which, it is said, he confidently reckoned. Whether the adoption of this plan would have been attended with more fortunate results than the one he pursued, can now be but a matter for military speculation.

While the two great commanders were thus occupied in preparing for the tremendous conflict which ensued, Louis had established himself in the ancient city of Ghent. There, to use his own words, "enfeebled by age, and twenty-five years of misfortune," he collected his small court, composed of his old followers, and a few of Buonaparte's officers, who had left him either from conscientious scruples, or, what is more probable, personal dislike. The issuing of manifestoes to the French nation, which either failed to reach their destination, or reached it in a garbled state, was the occupation of the deposed monarch; while deeds of arms were consigned to his bold allies, and the road to his throne left to be opened by the British bayonet.

THE PARK.

THE PARK.

SEVERAL weeks had passed since the 28th regiment arrived in the capital of Belgium. They made part of the fifth corps, which garrisoned the town, and formed the head-quarters of the Commander-in-chief.

While the rich country around was covered with the cantonments of the allied forces, and all betrayed military preparation, and the immediate expectation of commencing hostilities, "Fair Brussels," unmoved by her perilous contiguity to the scene of danger, appeared to any one susceptible of pleasure, to be the happiest spot on earth. The houses and hotels were

filled, and the gayest of the gay, from every quarter of Europe, crowded the streets and thronged the squares. The trumpet call, "threatening and high," here bore no terrors in its blast. The morning reviews passed before the bright glance of woman's eyes. In the park, the mimic fight, the charging squadron, the flash of "red artillery," were viewed without dismay, and seemed but a harmless pageant, with all the "pomp and pride and circumstance of war."

With little effort of imagination, the spectator might fancy himself here to witness an approaching tournament, or "gentle passage of arms;" all around savoured of gallantry and romance; all was excited gaiety and elegant dissipation; a carnival of pleasure; a sort of saturnalia, whence every god was banished, save the presiding deities of love and wine and war.

On the evening of the 14th of June the grand park had been filled with a gay resort of company. Twilight had fallen, and warned the

laughing groups that the time of preparation for the night's amusement had arrived. The *converzazione* and the quadrille party gradually thinned the walks, and the remaining pedestrians were limited to a few listless loungers, and one solitary group. This last was a military party comprising three persons.

The spurs and epaulets of two announced them to be field-officers; and the wings which rested on the broad shoulders of the last bespoke him an officer of grenadiers. Their conversation as they walked leisurely along, was a professional disquisition on the approaching campaign. Many conjectures were hazarded as to who should be the aggressor, and whether Napoleon or the Duke would cross the frontier first: where would Buonaparte first precipitate himself; would his be an offensive or defensive system; and similar speculations had for a time engrossed them.

“There is only one thing certain,” observed he with the grenadier wings, “the campaign is

beginning, but who may guess when it shall terminate?"

"Or when," said the taller of the field-officers, "we shall see our own sweet island? Ah! Ireland; after all, you are the jewel; and notwithstanding Kennedy's prophecy, I look forward to return, and end my days there."

"As to your return," observed the short major, whose English accent was strongly contrasted with the broad dialect of his Milesian companion, "if it be not a more auspicious one than my last, you need not ~~be~~^{be} anxious for its occurrence:" and here the sigh, which concluded the remark, showed that the little major had been a sentimental sufferer in his day.

"Then by my own namesake, and that's Saint Denis, I had little reason to exult in the cause of my last visit to old England. I got a musket-ball at Toulouse, which sent me to Astley Cooper, with small hope of saving the arm; but he got it out safely, and left me the limb into the bargain."

“Pshaw!” said the grenadier, “you are talking of your afflicted arm, while Melcomb is lamenting a wounded heart: come, Jack, is it not so?—out with it, man; you’ll find relief by the disclosure.”

“Why faith, Frank, you have stumbled on the truth; but now that she is married—”

“All delicacy is at an end,” said the captain of grenadiers, interrupting him.

“Well, Frank; you and M’Dermott shall acknowledge how rudely my dream of love was dissolved, as the man says in the play. While a look of burlesque sympathy was interchanged between the persons appealed to, the short commander commenced the following story.

THE LITTLE MAJOR'S
LOVE ADVENTURE.

THE LITTLE MAJOR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

Be ruled by me—forget to think of her.

SHAKSPEARE.

YOU must know, when I was in the 18th light dragoons, I was quartered in Canterbury; and having got some introductory letters, I contrived to make out a pleasant time enough. One of my visiting houses was old Tronson's the banker's—devilish agreeable family—four pretty girls—all flirted—painted on velvet—played the harp—sang Italian, and danced as if they had been brought up under D'Egville in the *corps de ballet*. The old boy kept a man cook, and gave iced champagne. Now you

know there is no standing this ; and Harriette, the second of the beauties, and I, agreed to fall in love, which in due course of time we effected. Nothing could be better managed than the whole affair ; we each selected a confidant, sat for our pictures, interchanged them with a passionate note, and made a regular engagement for ever.

Such was the state of things, when the route came ; and my troop was ordered to embark for Portugal. Heavens ! what a commotion ! Harriette was in hysterics : we talked of an elopement, and discussed the propriety of going to Gretna ; but the damn'd hurry to embark prevented us. I could not, you know, take her with me. Woman in a transport ! a devilish bore ; and nothing was left for it but to exchange vows of eternal fidelity. We did so, and parted—both persuaded that our hearts were reciprocally broken.

Ah, Mac, if you knew what I suffered night and day ! her picture rested in my bosom ; and

I consumed a pipe of wine in toasting her health, while I was dying of damp and rheumatism. But the recollection of my *constant Harriette* supported me through all, and particularly so, when I was cheered by the report of the snub-nosed surgeon, who joined us six months after at Santarem, and assured me on the faith of a physician, that the dear girl was in the last stage of a consumption.

Two years passed away, and we were ordered home. O Heavens! what were my feelings when I landed at Portsmouth! I threw myself into a carriage, and started with four horses for Canterbury: I arrived there with a safe neck, and lost not a moment in announcing my return to my constant Harriette.

The delay of the messenger seemed an eternity: but what were my feelings, when he brought me a perfumed note (to do her justice, she always wrote on lovely letter-paper), and a parcel. The one contained congratulations on my safe arrival, accompanied by assurances of

unfeigned regret that I had not reached Canterbury a day sooner, and thus allowed her an opportunity of having her "dear friend Captain Melcomb" present at her wedding; while the packet was a large assortment of French kid skins and white ribbon.

That blessed morning she had bestowed her fair hand on a fat professor of theology from Brazen Nose, who had been just presented to a rich prebend by the bishop, for having proved beyond a controversy, the divine origin of tithes, in a blue-bound pamphlet. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment, a travelling carriage brought me to the window, and quickly as it passed, I had full time to see *ma belle Harriette* seated beside the thick-winded dignitary. She bowed her white Spanish hat and six ostrich feathers to me as she rolled off, to spend, as the papers informed me, "the honey-moon at the lakes of Cumberland." There was a blessed return for two years exposure to the attacks of rheumatism and French cavalry!

“ What a lucky dog you were, Jack !” said Major Mac Dermott, as Melcomb concluded, “ I would not run the same risk for a regiment. By-the-bye there was a blessed *Rookawn** in Castlebar the morning after I last returned.”

“ The abduction of an heiress with her own particular approbation, or an interrupted duel, with the full consent of all concerned ; or—”

“ Neither : faith, Frank, it was the failure of Con Carney.”

“ I can't observe any thing remarkable in an event of common-place insolvency,” said the short major, evidently annoyed that a mercantile misfortune should be considered for a moment as bearing any comparison with his more sentimental calamity.

“ Common-place insolvency ! Holy Apostle of Ireland ! Since the battle of Aughrim, no event made a similar sensation west of the Shannon. Ah, if you knew the story !”

* Scene of confusion.

“ Come, let us have it ; this calm mild evening it is at least petty treason to re-enter that infernal mess-room, with its dense and Dutch-like atmosphere of smoke and Schiedam. Come, Mac Dermott.”

THE TALL MAJOR'S STORY.

THE TALL MAJOR'S STORY.

Bless my heart! Stopt payment?

HOLCROFT.

IN the middle of the main street of Castlebar there still stands a low two-storied house. Its external is sadly changed for the worse; a huge crop of dank grass covers the load of rotten thatch, which has been accumulated for a century, and the lower portion of the hall door has disappeared, thus affording the pig a comfortable communication with the interior. The respective inhabitants (for every chamber is tenanted with an interesting sample of the

celebrated six millions) have displayed great ingenuity in counteracting the numerous assaults committed upon the casements by the storm, and fully bear out the proud boast of the progeny of the Emerald Isle, that the resources of "the Gem of the Ocean" are illimitable.

But poorly as now look the premises, lodgements were once made, and loans effected *there*; for that ruined house was the bank and residence of Constantine Carney.

Con Carney, when I was gazetted to the 52nd regiment, was in the zenith of his fame. You have your commercial banks, and your savings banks, but what are they to Con Carney's?

I love to give a graphic sketch, and you shall have Con in all his glory.

I well remember the morning on which the post brought my appointment. My aunt (she's gone the way of all flesh—God be good to her!) twitched me on the elbow, and I dutifully fol-

lowed her to her chamber. The door was carefully closed—a key, with great deliberation, drawn from the inner partition of her pocket—for my aunt's was a double one.

“ Denis, my darling boy, you are going into the world, and have taken to an honourable calling, becoming one of your name, and moreover one so nearly connected with the O'Tools ;” my aunt was an O'Tool—“ keep yourself clean, and let no man tread upon your corns, as was my poor uncle's parting advice to my brother Phelim, who died a full major in the Irish brigade.—Here”—and she extracted a small paper from a compartment of her housewife—“ take this to the bank, and the Lord be with you!” She wiped her eyes with the corner of her figured apron. “ Don't be cast down, my dear boy : we were always a lucky family ; and I hope to live to see you return like Colonel O'Callaghan, with your wooden leg, and twelve and sixpence a-day.”

My aunt's present was an order on Con Car-

ney for twenty pounds, and I proceeded to the bank.

In the outer room, behind a narrow counter, which separated him from the customers, sat a one-eyed clerk, with a pen behind his ear, telling over a bundle of shilling notes, which Con, from a scarcity of change, had put in circulation. I presented my order. Luke Lynch directed his solitary optic at the paper, and perceiving it was a weighty transfer, pointed to the inner door, and I was speedily in the presence of the man of money.

Wealth and gout are said to be inseparable companions;—and how should Con Carney escape?

There he sat—a short punchy man, his infirm foot implicated with divers rolls of flannel, resting on a low cushion. On the table stood a pewter ink-stand, with its eagle's quill; and the large dog-eared account-book—for Con knew nothing of your double-entry system—was lying open before him.

Con was in prodigious credit; his shilling notes passed current as the king's own coin. The private purse of every thrifty matron in the parish was considered insecure until confided to his custody; and there was not an old maid for miles around who did not keep an account in the bank of Castlebar. The small farmer requested, as a particular favour, that he would take charge of a "trifle of money to portion the little girl off;" and the priest himself had been found, more than once, closeted with the banker;—and most suspiciously so, just after the Christmas and Easter dues had been collected.

But there were others, beside depositors, who sought the domicile of Constantine Carney. He was blessed with three thumping daughters, and many a lover sighed in the little left-hand parlour. From the crowd of competitors for her fair hand, Patsey Blake bore the bell, and led Sibby Carney, blushing, to the hymeneal altar. Patsey's patrimony had been cruelly

disorganised;—but things soon altered for the better—debts were discharged, or liquidated—the old house was newly rough-cast, and put on a fresh and jaunty air; and Cloghawn Muck—the designation of the mansion—and which being interpreted, means the “pigs’ stepping-stones,” was voted vulgar, and Castle Muck substituted in its place.

Nor did the prosperity of Patsey Blake pass unnoticed in the neighbourhood. Sally Carney, the second of the graces, was besieged by beaux; and never did desperate suitors go more desperate lengths since the days of Penelope. God knows how matters might have ended, when, in the nick of time, who should arrive to recruit, but Lieutenant Corcoran, of the 18th Royal Irish. The lieutenant was a bold man: numbers did not deter him; and he determined to call the gentle Sally his, or perish. He took the field immediately—politely intimating that any attention to Miss Carney would be considered by him personal; and finding, notwith-

standing, that Philip O'Flaherty, Esquire, persevered in being civil, he requested the honour of that gentleman's company, one blessed morning, to the race-course, and winged him, the said Philip, in a workmanlike style, as was fully attested by a large and impartial assemblage. Miss Sally Carney, to prevent further effusion of blood, surrendered at discretion, and Lieutenant Corcoran appeared shortly in the *Gazette*, promoted to a company in the "88th, by purchase."

I joined my regiment. Time rolled on. My small remittances from Mayo showed me that my friend Con was still alive and merry; for these subsidies generally reached me in the shape of a bill on London, and Con Carney—oh! what an autograph it was!—usually sprawled across it, either before or behind, with a large splash beneath, and as many concentric circles as the hooka of an Indian resident. Notices of Con and his family were frequent in

the elaborate epistles of my aunt O'Tool. I found she had on a certain day taken an airing in the Castle Muck carriage—that Mrs. Major Corcoran had been safely delivered of twins—that Miss Biddy, the youngest, had had her name changed to Sophia—and that the Carney family were sorely perplexed: Con, to employ excessive capital—and Biddy, alias Sophia, to dispose of accumulating admirers.

Time still kept *rowling*, as an Irish coachman would say: “peace was proclaimed; I escaped from the slaughter,” and once more returned to my native town.

I shall never forget my reception. My father was waiting at the coach-office, and I thought he would have shaken my arm from my shoulder joint. My poor mother (the major's eyes filled), there she stood waiting behind the hall door, folded me to her heart, and then held me at arm's-length to assure herself of my identity. Was this her stripling boy—a bronzed, black-

whiskered, strapping fellow of six feet two—with a slash over his eye, and the ribbon of a foreign order at his button-hole?

Nor was my aunt O'Tool less gracious, considering that I had come home with neither a wooden leg, or twelve and sixpence per diem. In short the night of my return was one of unbounded happiness, half the town having collected to welcome me, and get drunk with one who had been for seven years in Picton's own division, the far-famed fighting 5th. What a night it was! all went to bed fuddled and happy.

The morrow came. I had slept long and soundly. I found the family collected in the parlour; the breakfast-table in full preparation; the urn gurgled, the eggs were ready, my aunt had actually raised the congo to her lips, when the door opened, and our old butler stood gaping and terror-struck, exhibiting equal alarm to that occasioned by the gentleman who drew "Priam's curtain in the dead of night." My mother

laid down the teapot; my aunt's cup paused at the very lip. "Who's dead? is the house on fire?—speak and be d—d!" said my father. Mark fetched a desperate inhalation, and bel-
lowed, "The bank's broke!!!"

"Mother of Heaven!" ejaculated my aunt O'Tool, "I'm ruined."

"Every sixpence of the November rent, received in his infernal notes," roared my father. —"Run, Denis, and see if the news is true; but stop, here comes Doctor Doran, and he'll put us out of pain." A thundering knock shook the tea equipage; my aunt groaned heavily.

"All's lost," remarked my father; for the doctor sounded an alarm on his nose, a proceeding which was universally done when a patient was in extremity. "Is this as bad as—"—my father was interrupted—"As bad may be.—The house is besieged, the doors closed, and Luke Lynch has gone off with the accounts."

True it was that the one-eyed clerk had levanted, and had taken the dog-eared ledger along with him.

A few days elapsed : the state of the town was indescribable : all classes had suffered alike ; for Con's shilling notes had reached even to the pocket of the kitchen-maid. The church itself was involved in the general calamity ; and Father Malachi Macbride "was left lamenting" a smart sum, being the produce of that gentleman's spiritual labours. Society was for the present at an end ; amusement out of the question : a sickly attempt made by my aunt O'Tool to collect a loo party turned out a dead failure ; for there Con's paper currency had been the circulating medium, and any play now must necessarily be a credit transaction. At a full meeting of my aunt's allies, to play for nothing was voted a sinful waste of time ; and to play on credit, a dangerous alternative ; and the loo club came to the desperate determination of discontinuing these meetings for the present ;

and resolved that this visitation was inflicted on them for their sins, through the agency of Con Carney.

During this period Con Carney refused all proffered interviews or consolation. To all inquiring friends, it was answered, that he was ill of the gout in both legs, and that his heart was broken into the bargain.

The magistrates found it difficult to prevent the mob from pulling down the house; when, late one evening, a note arrived with C. C. upon a seal as large as a saucer. Hastily my father opened it, and despatched Mark for Doctor Doran and Father Malachi. They came, and he read Con's epistle. It was a round-about concern: set forth his misfortunes at large, dwelt much on his unbounded honesty, touched feelingly on the sufferings of his little girls—all this my aunt O'Tool designated *flummery*. At the close, Con requested a suspension of all opinion until he could see his valued friends, my father, the doctor, and the

priest ; and then he, Con, would open the state of his affairs to these trusty confederates, and had no doubt but that any impression made against his integrity would be removed in toto.

The doctor was the first to break the silence. "He never could doubt the honesty of Con Carney. What ! would he take in a friend, who had known him man and boy for fifty years ? and moreover, attended Mrs. Carney in her last illness, early and late.—No, no ; he felt assured that Con had only waited till he had accurately made up the accounts of the present party, and that to prevent any inconvenience, he would pay them at once, and the remainder of the creditors at a future opportunity."

The priest followed : he was much of Doctor Doran's opinion, touching Con aforesaid ; but, bad as was the sin of ingratitude, which the doctor had lightly mentioned, what was it after all to sacrilege and impiety ? for he, Malachi Macbride, would pronounce Con guilty of these mortal offences, had he ventured to re-

tain one farthing of his property ; seeing that every sixpence was holy :—to wit, dues and offerings, churchings and christenings, house money, marriages, and masses ; in short, all sorts of fees belonging to the dead and the living. He had strong suspicion that the flight of Luke Lynch had caused the delay ; and if that was the case, he pledged himself to curse the said Luke from the altar, on the first convenient opportunity.

My father, who was by no means so certain of Con's designs of an immediate settlement in full, hoped at least he would make a respectable composition ; and my aunt most creditably evinced strong sympathy for her quondam friend, by requesting my father not to press him too severely ; and empowering him, on her part, to accept of nineteen shillings and sixpence in the pound, promptly paid, in bank of Ireland paper, and that she would patiently wait for the remainder till it was perfectly convenient ; and off went the triumvirate.

All the ceremonial, observed when admitting a flag of truce into a place of arms, was duly enacted in conducting the deputation to the dormitory of Con Carney. There sat the unhappy banker, his gouty foot upon a pillow; and Biddy, otherwise Sophia, with a lily-white handkerchief in her hand, having been weeping, or preparing to weep, over the fallen fortunes of her house.

“I am sorry to find you ailing, Carney,” said my father.

“God bless all here!” said the priest, while the doctor interdicted fretting and mental uneasiness, both being, as he averred, injurious to gouty habits.

Con sighed—“Ah! gentlemen, I am glad to see you—very civil indeed to come to see a man, and he in trouble—the grief is killing me:” here Biddy, alias Sophia, sobbed audibly. “No one knows that better than Doctor Doran, as he said to me the night Mrs. Carney (God be good to her soul!) died—‘My dear friend,

your wife can't live half an hour, and therefore raise your spirits.' "

My father here hinted, that he understood Con wanted them on a matter of business. " Yes, my dear sir," said the banker, " I have been badly used : the world says I'm a rogue ; and Luke Lynch, that I have fed, man and boy, these thirty years, has run off with the account-books."

" As to Luke Lynch," observed the priest, " make your mind easy, my friend, on that subject, as I intend by the blessing of God to curse him next Sunday."

Con returned thanks duly for Father Malachi's civility, and continued—" They blame me I hear for the portioning my children ; but sure I could well afford it then, for it was I that was snug : but, Biddy, dear, it's you that must suffer"—(here Con apostrophised the lady in the corner). " I thought, gentlemen, to settle my little girl before I died ; but her fortune I'll give over to you."

The priest and Doctor Doran simultaneously produced their pocket-books, and while they arranged certain vouchers in due order, the banker proceeded :

“ Many a man would take care of his own ; but ”—he wiped his eyes with the back of his left hand, and looked pathetically at Miss Biddy—“ I was a lucky man, Major, dear, and I thought to leave you, Biddy, independent. But God’s will be done ! and here’s her all : ” as he spoke, he gradually drew out the drawer of the little table where he sat, and thence producing a small paper, he handed it with great ceremony to my father. The priest and doctor regarded it with intense anxiety, while my father exclaimed—“ Here’s some mistake ; this is a lottery ticket.”

“ Yes, dear gentlemen, take it and welcome ; it’s my all ; and if it come up a prize, pay yourselves first, and the creditors afterwards.”

“ Why, zounds and the devil ! ” roared my father, “ did you bring us here to make us

greater fools than we have shown ourselves, by trusting your infernal bank? have you no property;—no assets?”

“None, the Lord sees, not as much as would bury me:” here Con sobbed, and Miss Biddy threatened to become hysterical: up rose the priest, and up rose the doctor.

“Con,” said my father, rushing from the room, “you’re a consummate rogue.”

“Con,” said the doctor, “I’ll never darken your door, though you should have the gout in the stomach.”

The priest retreated two steps, and cut an awful flourish with his right hand:—“Con Carney, I put the sign of the + between you and me. Don’t ask for the rights. If you were *in articulo*, I would not put a thumb upon you. You, Con, are a *petra scandali*; and you, Biddy, a *lapis offensionis*. You, Biddy Carney, that I christened Sophy, to make you genteel;—you, to sit by and see the church robbed, and me murdered!—My curse light

upon you both!"—here father and daughter yelled in concert—"I leave ye sinners as ye are. Con, I'll excommunicate ye; and, Biddy, I'll unchristen you:"—and the priest rushed after the angry doctor.

Charley Costello, the attorney, undertook to settle Con's affairs, and after due and laborious investigation, at length declared his estate capable of producing twopence three farthings in the pound. The result was, that Con retired to Castle Muck, lived comfortably, paid off the remainder of Patsey Blake's debts, purchased further promotion for Major Corcoran, and married Miss Biddy to an undoubted gentleman from Connemara, who was six akin to the celebrated Dick Martin. Con lies under a snug tombstone in Kilgobbin churchyard, which sets forth that he was both honest and affectionate; but whether in his last moments he made satisfaction to the church,—whether "the bells were rung, and the mass was sung," or he went to the grave unanointed

and unforgiven, is a point I could never determine.

As the Major ended his story, a female, carefully wrapped in a silk cloak, which concealed her face and person, passed them at the distance of a few paces ; she paused, and by a quick movement of her arm, arrested their attention. The soldiers stopped, and for a moment there was a dead silence : the little major was the first to break it.

“ An adventure, by all that’s amorous ! Beautiful incognita ! ” he exclaimed, in a tone of theatric declamation, as he advanced a step, “ are the stars of Jack Melcomb’s fortunes so auspicious, as to encourage the hope that the motion of that incomparable arm is for him ? ” Instantly the unknown fair one, by a wave of

her hand, signified that the short commander was not the person she was seeking.

“Blessed apostle of Ireland, and that’s Saint Patrick, now stand my friend! Fair lady, if Denis Mac Dermott might presume to offer himself and his poor services—Ah! that discouraging shake—’tis all over;” and the first major fell back beside his friend Melcomb.

Kennedy, who had been amused by the passing scene, next addressed the unknown.—“After,” he said, “two commanders, equally distinguished for martial and amatory achievements, and alike remarkable for personal charms and insinuating manners, had been repulsed by the beautiful unknown, it would appear a hopeless presumption in him, a poor captain of grenadiers, to offer himself to her notice.”

Here the incognita interrupted the mock gravity of his harangue, by rapidly advancing to where he stood; and striking him on the arm, she pronounced his name, and desired him

to follow her. No second invitation was necessary; in a moment the mysterious female had turned into a private walk, and in an equally short time Captain Kennedy was beside her.

“There they go,” ejaculated Major Mac Dermott; “never was there a more ill-starred Irishman than myself. Here I am, six weeks in Brussels, without an *affaire de cœur* to comfort me, but the solitary conquest of a paltry Belgic bonnet-dresser;—I, Denis Mac Dermott, six feet two inches high, and with a pair of whiskers unrivalled for size and colour, even by the black Brunswickers!

“A cigar and Schiedam must console us, Melcomb; women are poor judges of personal worth, as the fat prebendary’s wife proved. What the devil did the gipsy see in Kennedy? Pshaw, hang her; she’s some masquerading waiting-woman. By this light! her arm was as yellow as a kite’s claw. Come along, Jack, one comfortable bottle, and all will be right.

If you e'er lose a maid whom your passion derides,
Drink enough, you'll find charms in a dozen besides.' "

And with this consolatory stave, the crest-fallen
commander left the grand park, followed by his
short friend.

THE INTERVIEW.

THE INTERVIEW.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

FOR some time the gallant captain accompanied his unknown companion in silence. The footsteps of his military friends were no longer heard. The park was still, and nothing appeared to interrupt their privacy. His conductor stopped, and turning to Kennedy, in a voice which expressed a mixture of archness and decision, addressed him:—

“ There are three conditions with which you must comply before our interview proceeds.”

.

“ Fair lady,” replied the soldier, “ this commencement seems irregular. In war, we propose no terms till the place has been stoutly assailed ; and in love, I presume, the custom is similar.”

“ Custom or not, one thing is certain ; I must be implicitly obeyed, or, most doughty commander, your knowledge of me will be just as extensive as it is at present—and that, I’ll venture to add, is limited enough.”

“ Your terms, fair lady ?” said the soldier, impatiently seizing her hand as he spoke.

“ There,” she exclaimed, as she snatched her hand from his grasp, “ there, the leading article of the treaty is already violated. Listen to me. The first condition is,—that we converse at arm’s length. The second,—that you make no attempt to discover who I am. And the last,—that I shall be at perfect liberty to retire when I please ; and that you neither detain, nor follow me.”

“ Gramercy ! sweet lady, a precious arrange-

ment you would have me assent to! What! remain alone with a woman, and at arm's length! Your terms are inadmissible, and thus is the first article replied to." He gently seized the fair incognita as he spoke; but rapidly freeing herself from his embrace, she started back some paces,—“ I leave you, sir; and so ends our interview—farewell!”

“ Nay, gentle amazon,” said the grenadier, “ number three is disallowed, and consequently retreat impossible.”

“ And would you then detain me against my will?”

“ Unquestionably, my sweet friend.”

“ You dare not.”

“ To the proof,” exclaimed the soldier, advancing.

“ Stop, sir;” she said, in a tone that showed that feminine alarm was struggling with high spirit; “ stop, if you be a man!”

“ Pshaw! dear girl, why continue this farce—this folly?” and again the captain of grena-

diers made demonstrations of a hostile approach.

“ Hold ! you *once* were a gentleman ; you have since gained an honourable name in arms ; and would you, a soldier, employ superior strength to make one, who unwisely trusted in your honour, repent her indiscretion ? Frank Kennedy, hold ! ”

“ By Heaven ! lady, there is something magical in your words and bearing ;—that voice, too. O no ; the thing is utterly impossible. One voice was like it ; but years have passed, and the broad sea is between us. Lady, you shall be obeyed. I may have wronged you ; but the place—the hour—alone and unattended. Come, you may smile at me as a dupe ; but you must not tax me with being ungenerous. You are safe, lady, from me. I will make no farther attempt to discover your person or secret. Proceed—speak ! why am I alone with you ? How do you know me ? ”

“ I know you well ; and no trifling circum-

stance would induce me, Captain Kennedy, to risk the danger I have done. I have sought you ; for my business deeply concerns one for whose happiness I am interested. I possess her unbounded confidence, and I am commissioned to ask the simple question, Are your affections disengaged and your heart and hand yet to be disposed of ?”

“ Why faith, lady, the question, though a simple is a shrewd one : as to my heart, like most military ones, it has seen service in its day, and though it may have been occasionally grazed by ‘ the blind bow-boy’s butt-shaft,’ it has never yet been disabled by a vital wound. As to my hand, I am, blessed be Saint Patrick ! still untrammelled by a fetter, and, *entre nous*, my fair incognita, I feel small anxiety to exchange my celibacy for the rosy bonds of Hymen.”

“ Candid enough, gallant sir,” said the unknown, archly. “ Then am I to believe that Captain Kennedy has never loved ? or, to use his own language, that he has only loved regimen-

tally ; his adoration never outliving the route, and when he changed quarters, vows, oaths and sighs *exeunt omnes*, with the last roll of the drum."

" By Saint George, a happy description of my ' course of love ! ' " exclaimed the grenadier with a smile.

" Then you never loved sincerely, ardently, honestly ? " asked the fair inquisitor with an anxiety that her assumed indifference could not hide.

" Lady," replied the soldier gravely, " the question is irrelevant ; the past we speak not of ; let us alone think of the present. I may have had my hours of visionary happiness ; but now ' love's young dream ' is over. Lady—tell me how shall I gain your confidence ? I will woo thee, and if you let me, win thee. Will you not trust me ? I never breathed woman's name who trusted to my honour. Come, wilt thou not confide in me ? "

" Kennedy," said the unknown, deeply agi-

tated, as she gently withdrew her hand from his grasp—" Kennedy, farewell! Your vows were once offered to a woman; your faith was plighted and accepted, and she, poor dupe,—Oh! she believed too well. Love light as yours is not worth the purchase of a moment's anxiety; and yet I believe you once loved sincerely; but when did man's affection survive time and separation?—compared with it, the tide is steady and the wind is constant. Hear me before I go. There is a woman who loves you. In birth she is your equal; in fortune your superior; absolute mistress of her actions, she would confide her happiness to your keeping; and on certain terms she consents to become yours. She only requires an honourable assurance that your hand is free, and your affections totally unbiassed."

" Stay, fair unknown," said the soldier. " I must in candour interrupt you. When favoured with this interview, I expected to have found that lighter love which only suits a soldier: but your words and manner are not to be mis-

taken, and I hasten to undeceive you. I cannot—may not—marry!”

“And wherefore?” said the lady anxiously. “I am poor,” replied the soldier. “That shall be no barrier; the lady has ample means of making you independent; she is rich, and her fortune is at her own disposal.”

“I would not wed for money,” said the soldier, proudly.

“She is—at least men say so—handsome,” rejoined the incognita.

“Nor for beauty,” said the captain.

“She is reputed to be educated, accomplished, and agreeable.”

“I care not,” said the grenadier, “I will not traffic with my heart.”

“Reflect, before I go; she will not sue a second time.”

“I care not, gentle unknown.”

“Nay, pause—fortune and beauty are seldom slighted.”

“Lady,” said the soldier, “I love another—

I have no heart to give, no hand to offer—and yet, God knows, she for whom I must decline the proffered honour will never probably be mine. But till she is wedded, or I learn from her lips that the place I once held in her heart is void, I will never be another's."

There was a pause: neither spoke, till suddenly the female, with animation, asked, "Will Captain Kennedy trust me with the name of this favoured fair one?"

"No, lady; her name would be unknown to you. She is in another land. Come, we will drop this subject."

As he spoke, a wild laugh was heard at a short distance; and the loud voices of persons, apparently under the influence of wine, were heard approaching. The lady became agitated, clung to Kennedy for support, and implored him to protect her.

"Oh! how mad!—how imprudent! Captain Kennedy, will you conduct me to the Rue Royale, and there I shall find my friends."

Kennedy felt her tremble, and placing his arm round her, led her from the park by a path opposite to that from which the voices which alarmed her had proceeded. As the noise died away the unknown resumed her self-possession. "We are safe, Captain Kennedy, and I must bid you farewell. Had I ever doubted your honour, your conduct to-night would have dispelled the suspicion.—Adieu!"

"Oh, stay," said the soldier; "there is something in that voice and accent that assures me we were not always strangers. If my conduct has been such as to merit your approval, may I ask, in return, one glance at my companion's face, or the pleasure of even knowing her name?"

"Impossible!" she replied; "press not for either. That face you shall ere long see, and the name you will be at no loss to discover. Reflect on what I have offered you—we shall meet again."

"Where?—where?" said the soldier, eagerly.

“ *Where and when you least expect ;* but we are at the gate, and there wait my companions ;” —and she pointed to two persons, closely muffled, who were standing waiting in the street.

“ Farewell for a time, Frank !” —and turning the silk hood partially aside, she presented her cheek to the soldier’s kiss ; next moment she bounded across the street, and Kennedy sprang after. She stopped : “ Remember your promise ; no pursuit, gallant captain ;” and taking the arm of one of the strangers, she turned the corner of the Rue de la Loi, and disappeared.

Kennedy, undetermined what course he should pursue, stood for a few moments lost in astonishment. “ It is a singular adventure,” he muttered ; “ the voice, at times, reminded me of Lucy Davidson : but the figure is too tall, too full, for her’s ; and the distance, too — the thing is impossible. Chance may dispel this mystery ; for it passes my comprehension to

account for such a chain of incongruous and incomprehensible events. 'Tis useless following her—I should only displease her, and elicit no information. Fortune, I leave all to thee, blind girl!"

So saying, he turned towards his quarters, and left the Rue Royale.

THE BALL.

THE BALL.

The wine is red, the lamps are bright,
And gems and jewels glance,
Where ladies with their loves to-night
Are mingling in the dance.

ANONYMOUS.

THE 15th of June at Brussels was unmarked by any striking occurrence. The streets that day were crowded by the inhabitants, and the military not on duty. Rumour was on the wing, and public feeling deeply excited; for the situation of the city had now become most critical. Buonaparte was concentrating his

army of the north with that of the Ardennes and the Moselle. Brussels was consequently in dangerous proximity to the French emperor, being open to his advance by Mons and Halle; and to possess himself of the Belgic capital would be a desirable object, as it would separate the positions of the allies, and favour the developement of any insurrectionary feelings which were conjectured to exist among his ancient subjects of Belgium.

Events were hurrying to their crisis. Napoleon left Paris early on the morning of the 12th, and reached Soissons at ten o'clock. Proceeding without delay to Laon, he hastily inspected the fortifications of that important city. Meanwhile, his different corps d'armée had moved from their respective cantonments, and with admirable precision, united themselves at the same moment on the Belgic frontier. On the 14th, Napoleon was at Avennes, from which place he issued his celebrated address to the army. It was his boldest, "and his last!"

While the French emperor was about to burst upon the allies, there was mirth and feasting in "pale Brussels." Wellington, surrounded by many of his principal officers and personal staff, was seated at the table when a dispatch from Marshal Blucher announced an attack upon him by Napoleon.

The alarm caused by this intelligence was but partial; for military men considered it merely an affair of outposts—a matter trifling in itself, and only the precursor to movements of greater importance. Buonaparte's plan of operations was still involved in mystery; and Wellington determined to await the more decisive developement of his active enemy's system of attack. The wine circulated: the evening wore on merrily; and the table was only deserted to be succeeded by the Ball.

That night, "the beautiful and brave" crowded to the assembly of Her Grace of Richmond. Before midnight, the gay apart-

ments of the duchess were filled with revellers. Woman, in all her loveliness, was there ; and amid the lesser light of lamp and taper diamonds blazed and orders glittered. The music played its liveliest strain : waltz and Polonaise, and quadrille, followed fast upon each other ; and in the pauses of the dance, many a brave heart found time to tell its secret ; and the blush upon the young cheek of her who listened, acknowledged that bravery in man is the best passport to woman's love.

In the remotest part of one of the most crowded saloons two persons were standing, observing the dancers, and witnessing the festive scene. The elder, Colonel Hilson, had just returned the Duke of Wellington's salute, who, while passing on, stopped suddenly, and addressed the younger companion of the gallant colonel. The personal notice of the great captain brought the colour to the cheek of the young officer he addressed ; and as the eyes of

the crowd were on the duke, his recognition of Hilson's companion did not escape observation. Many inquiries consequently ensued.

"Pray," said a dowager countess to a thin over-dressed officer of light dragoons, "can you tell me the name of that handsome fellow his Grace has spoken to?"

"'Pon my soul, sorry I can't oblige your ladyship, but don't know any soldier out of the household."

"He is a fine, manly-looking fellow," observed a second titled dame; "I must find him out and send him a card for my concert."

"Oh!" said a very lovely girl to a general-officer who just came up, "Can you, Sir Denis, inform me who that gentleman is; or, like Mr. Farrington, are you ignorant of all the infantry but the guards?"

"Faith, my lady," replied the general with a smile, "my acquaintance, I am happy to say, is more extensive. That gentleman now conversing with my gallant friend, Colonel Hilson

of the 28th, is a poor captain of grenadiers. He led the forlorn hope at Badajoz, and was then a subaltern in my national corps the 88th; and from it was most deservedly promoted to his present regiment. No wonder that Mr. Farrington knows nothing of him," he continued with a caustic smile, "for light dragoons have no connexion with breach-makers, or breach-takers.—May I present Captain Kennedy to your ladyship?" and Sir Denis led the young grenadier forward and introduced him. Then taking his place beside Colonel Hilson, the veteran soldiers were soon deeply engaged in canvassing the designs of Napoleon.

"This is indeed a splendid scene," observed Captain Kennedy, during a pause in the quadrille, to his handsome partner the Lady Harriette Clavering.

"Undoubtedly," replied her ladyship, "the duchess' affair is the gayest I have been at since my arrival in Brussels. Indeed I have

seldom been to a pleasanter ball—all seem so happy.”

“Ah!” said the grenadier, “may it not be apparent, more than real happiness, which lights so many sunny looks around us?”

“Is Captain Kennedy a sentimentalist?” remarked Lady Harriette archly. “What a discovery have I not made! I always believed your thoughtless crack-brained countrymen avoided sentiment as they do water-drinking. Come, look round you, cynic. What think you of our vis-a-vis? are they not really happy?”

“What—the young hussar, and the fair-haired girl in pink?”

“The same.”

“And yet that handsome pair occasioned the remark that amused you, Lady Harriette.”

“Propound, most grave philosopher in wings.”

“I should not betray their secret,” said Kennedy, laughing. “I have taken an unfair

advantage of younger and lighter spirits. A cold-hearted fellow like me should be excluded by special act of Almack's from every ball and fête that bow to its jurisdiction."

"Anomalous again!" said Lady Harriette gaily; "cold-hearted, and an Irishman! Go on, most sentimental escalader of Badajoz."

Kennedy coloured at the complimentary badinage of his lovely partner. "Could one moralise here," he continued, "that hussar and his pretty mistress would yield a fitting opportunity. To night—not intending to dance, I amused myself by observing those who were differently engaged around me. I had seen the hussar and his partner flirting yesterday in the park, and I remarked them in the rooms to-night. Wrapped in the idea of each other, this crowded assembly was forgotten. By chance I entered the conservatory. They were there seated on the same bench. He was speaking in animated whispers—her hand was clasped in his—her ear was listening to the first avowal

of his love. I saw her pale cheek flush ; I saw her lips tremble as she murmured her acceptance. I saw the first kiss of plighted love exchanged : was not that a moment of mortal happiness, which no other earthly bliss could emulate ? and yet, that very moment laid the sure foundation of future misery, and, probably, years of unavailing regret."

Lady Harriette listened with marked attention, as Kennedy with increasing warmth described the scene he had accidentally witnessed in the conservatory.

" And wherefore, Captain Kennedy, draw from this unguarded display of mutual affection so sinister a conclusion ?" she observed with a deep sigh.

" Simply, Lady Harriette, because I know them both. He is a younger son of General F——, and his father can hardly spare him the small addition to his pay, which enables him with difficulty to remain a subaltern in a cavalry regiment. She is the Honourable

Miss Hott, the fifth daughter of Lord Santry : shall I say more, than that her father is the poorest and proudest peer in Britain? Draw your own inference ; it will be, what the world calls a love-match ; and with certain poverty entailed upon their union, how long will the delusion last ?”

“ Have you been crossed in love ?”

The sudden question startled Kennedy. His eye rested on his fair partner’s face ; he saw a hectic glow flush over her cheek, and next moment a deathlike paleness succeed it : alarmed, he looked round to see if her agitation was observed, and perceived a remarkably handsome man in a rich staff uniform, looking on his lovely partner with anxious admiration. Lady Harriette raised her eyes ; they met those of the handsome aide-de-camp ; and that look, that solitary look, betrayed the lover’s secret !

By a strong exertion, Lady Harriette rallied her spirits, and with assumed gaiety ad-

dressed the grenadier. "And does Captain Kennedy imagine that on wealth alone depends love's permanency?"

"Far from it, lady; love may be held in rosy bonds, but he will spurn a golden fetter from him; the heart cannot be trafficked with. For myself, I would not wed for wealth; I, whose sole inheritance is a sword, who am without fame or fortune."

"But is not Captain Kennedy a gentleman, and a soldier?"

"And, lady, therefore, all he could offer would be a heart, her own already; and poorer yet, a soldier's hand."

Kennedy's feelings had insensibly betrayed him into an ardent manner, of which he was quite unconscious, until he remarked a deep blush overspread the face of his beautiful auditor; an embarrassing silence ensued; and, at the instant, a woman's voice whispered in his ear—"False villain! give her thy plighted hand; thou hast no heart to offer!"

Quick as lightning Kennedy turned round ; a fine-looking woman in a light-blue robe with a splendid head-dress of ostrich feathers, was within a yard ; her back was towards him, and before he could observe her, she was hidden by the crowd, who had collected around the dancers. Lady Harriette had heard the voice, but not the words distinctly ; her curiosity was excited, and she looked at the grenadier as if she expected an explanation.

But this was prevented. Before Kennedy could recover from the embarrassment produced by the unknown female's singular address, a strange confusion seemed to pervade the gay assembly ; there was a whispering, alarmed looks, and anxious questionings. Several staff-officers, after a momentary communication, hurried from the saloon : the music ceased suddenly : the waltzer paused : a mysterious and indescribable dread appeared to have seized the company, as if some unholy spell was being wrought by an enchanter.

“Heavens ! Captain Kennedy, what can have happened ? there is, there must be something alarming to cause this extraordinary sensation.”

Before the grenadier could reply the young aide-de-camp he had previously observed stood beside them : his look was agitated : the urgency of the moment precluded disguise, and the mutual feelings of Lady Harriette and her lover would have been evident to a person of less discernment than Frank Kennedy.

“Oh ! George ; speak to me ! tell me the worst !”

“Harriette, my own Harriette, the hour of separation is come. Buonaparte is in the field ; and in a few minutes we march to meet him.”

Kennedy felt the delicacy of his situation, and would have resigned his fair charge to her lover, but the lady clung closely to his arm. “Oh ! stay,” she said ; “do not leave us ; my mother would—” She paused, in great agitation ; but in a moment continued, “Captain

Kennedy, Major Herbert and I must trust you with our secret. Need I add that we know in whom our confidence is reposed? he is a soldier—an Irishman.”

“And,” continued the grenadier, with animation, “his is not the country of dishonour, and now he has neither eyes, nor ears,” and he smiled significantly at his brother soldier. Leading his fair partner to a sofa within the recess of a window, “You are no doubt fatigued,” he continued; “Major Herbert shall find me a steady sentinel: fear nothing; for I shall give ample notice when I perceive any hostile demonstration.”

So saying, he left the lovers together; and retiring some paces from the recess, he directed his attention to the brilliant assembly, who were now beginning to disperse. His watch, however, was but short. In a few minutes he perceived the Marchioness of ——— anxiously looking through the crowd, and he hastened to apprise Lady Harriette that her mother was

approaching. "Farewell, dear, dear George! May God guard you from every danger!"

"Adieu! my own idolised Harriette; every good angel be around thee, love!" His voice faltered; while tears, in fast succession, fell on his pale cheeks. He wrung her hand convulsively, and was gone. Gone; and for ever! for that night saw Herbert—the young, the brave, the beloved one—stiffening in his blood upon the cold causeway of Quatre Bras!

"Heavens! my dear child, what has occurred?" exclaimed the marchioness, as she came up, and noticed the agony of grief which was yet too visible on her daughter's countenance.

"I am in some degree the cause," said Kennedy, with amazing readiness. "A silly fellow of ours gave me an exaggerated account of the night's alarm, with a positive assurance that three hours would bring the French advance guard to the gates of Brussels. Lady Harriette unluckily overheard enough to frighten her nearly as much as the terrified narrator him-

self; but a little rest, and a glass of wine and water will restore her. Will your ladyship pardon my momentary absence?" and he hurried to a table of refreshments to procure the specific he had recommended for his agitated partner.

Returning instantly, he was in the act of presenting it, when he felt a strong arm laid upon his shoulder—"Holy St. Patrick!" exclaimed the well-known brogue of Major Mac Dermott, "what the devil keeps you *philandering* here, and bugles and bagpipes struggling which shall make most noise? We are to form in the park, and march in half an hour. Bad luck attend ye, Boney! you are the boy for bothering a ball-room."

The stare of surprise with which the marchioness regarded the speaker, would have disconcerted any man with less assurance than Major Mac Dermott possessed; and Kennedy, who knew him well, was perfectly confounded, as Denis continued—"Are ye bewildered,

Frank? Don't you see the young lady—and a sweet creature she is—dying of thirst and alarm, and you, like a man upon a sign-board, standing hard and fast, with the glass within your claw. Don't be alarmed, my darling lady, there will be wigs upon the green, as we say in Connaught, before Master Nap beats up your quarters in Brussels."

The haughty expression of Lady ——'s face gave way to the singular tone and manner of Major Mac Dermott. Thanking Kennedy for his attention, Lady Harriette, she said, would be soon quite recovered. Their own party were expecting them in the ante-room, and aware of the urgency of affairs, she would not detain Captain Kennedy. "Farewell, sir; I wish you success; and I shall be most happy to hear personally from you, of your safety, when you return victorious to Brussels."

Then taking her daughter's arm, she bowed gracefully to the soldiers, and retired towards

the saloon. Lady Harriette spoke not ; but her mute though expressive look was not lost upon the gallant captain of grenadiers.

Nor, as it appeared, had that farewell glance escaped the observation of Denis Mac Dermott. With a long and peculiar whistle, the customary manner with which he expressed surprise, he exclaimed, as Kennedy still gazed after Lady Harriette—" Phew ! well done, Frank Kennedy ! You are the boy ! Ah ! I have it now. Is that the girl who met us in the park last night ?"

Kennedy half offended at Denis' interruption, replied—" How you do blunder, Mac Dermott ! What a silly notion ! The girl in the park ! Why, man, that is the Lady Harriette Clavering, only daughter to the Marchioness of —, into whose society you introduced yourself this evening with the least possible ceremony. Devil take your impudence, Denis ! I shall be shut out from the hotel of the Mar-

chioness, from my unfortunate acquaintance with your brazen face and most inveterate brogue."

"No fear, my boy; she smiled at me, and that showed she was not angry, you know—I used to be a great favourite with titled gentlemen. There was old Lady Mac Kinnon; when I was a captain in the 52nd, and quartered in the Castle of Edinburgh, the regiment swore she doted on me. Lord! how the crowd are pressing to the door! and see—there is a lovely creature in blue—Mother of Saint Patrick! what feathers she has got! and she looks at us as if she desired to be better acquainted. Frank, who is that dasher?"

Mac Dermott's companion, who had been in no way interested in that worthy gentleman's account of the conquest of the Lady Mac Kinnon, carelessly directed his eye to the place where Denis pointed; suddenly he exclaimed, "By Heaven! it is herself!" and bounding from his side, in a moment was mixed in the thickest of

the crowd, struggling to reach the girl in blue. But his movement was instantly noticed by the object of his pursuit; dropping the arm of an elderly lady, she sprang forward to the crowded passage; she was immediately out of sight, and next moment Kennedy also disappeared.

“ Well, by my conscience, this beats Bannagher,” ejaculated Major Mac Dermott, in his usual half-audible soliloquy. “ Waylaid in the park last night by God knows who, philandering with a peeress at the ball, and now off like a will-o’-the-wisp, after a plume of ostrich feathers fit for a field-marshal! By this hand, it is past my poor comprehension!”

Carried on by the crowd, Mac Dermott found himself in the street. He looked anxiously through the thick lane of carriages, which almost choked the causeway; but neither his friend Kennedy nor the plumed lady in blue was visible.

LETTERS,
AND
A LOST MISTRESS.



LETTERS, AND A LOST MISTRESS.

Farewell ! Thou canst not teach me to forget.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was an hour past midnight : Brussels was wrapped in deep repose. The soldiers, who were quartered upon the inhabitants, had, with the peaceful owners of the houses, long since retired to bed. The rolling of carriages from the Duchess of Richmond's ball had nearly ceased ; and the quiet of the streets was only broken by the occasional bark of the watch dogs or the measured step of the sentinel, pacing " his lonely round."

Suddenly, night's silence was rudely broken ; the trumpet sounded ; the drums beat to arms ; and, immediately, all was hurry and alarm. Momently, the din increased ; “ and louder yet the clamour grew.” The Highland pibroch answered the bugle call of the light infantry. The soldiery, startled from their sleep, poured out from the now deserted dwellings ; and the once peaceful city exhibited a scene of universal uproar.

The sun rose to witness confusion and dismay. The military assembled in the Place Royale ; and the difference of individual character might be traced in the respective occupations of the various soldiery. Some were taking a tender, and many, a last leave of wives and children. Others, stretched upon the pavement, were listlessly waiting for their comrades to come up : while not a few strove to snatch a few moments of repose, and appeared insensible to the din of war around them. Waggons were loading, and artillery harnessing. Order-

lies and aides-de-camp rode rapidly through the streets ; and in the gloom of early morning the pavement sparkled beneath the iron feet of the cavalry, as they hurried along the causeway to join their respective squadrons, which were now collecting in the park.

After a short absence, Kennedy returned to his quarters in the Place de Louvaine. His manner was agitated ; and throwing himself on a chair, he scarcely noticed Colonel Hilson, who was writing at the table. Living in the same hotel, a close intimacy existed between the commanding officer and the captain of grenadiers. Hilson stopped writing soon after the entrance of Kennedy ; and folding the paper he had been engaged with, as he sealed it he addressed his friend :

“ I thought to have found you here, Frank ; and having a small packet, which I wish to be in safe keeping, should any thing occur I will trouble you, by committing it to your charge. You are aware, from the sketch I gave you of

my history, that the orphan of my kinsman Arthur is my adopted child. Knowing the uncertain tenure of a soldier's life, I had taken the necessary steps before I left England to secure my property to my orphan *protégé*. Some directions relative to his education and future settlement in life are herein contained. I have named you one of his guardians; and I know, in the event of this trust devolving on you, that you will remember the request of your quondam friend, and see my wishes carried into effect."

Kennedy received the packet, and promised that its contents should be attended to. His agitation did not escape Hilson's observation.

"How now, Frank, you seem disordered; has any thing unpleasant occurred? I know you too well of old, to think that the prospect of a bustling campaign would not have an opposite effect. You formerly were not so dolorous on the eve of what will be a gallant field."

“Alas, Hilson,” said the grenadier, with a sigh, “no one will march with a heavier heart, although in choice humour for cutting throats, or engaging in any other desperate and gentlemanly amusement. I have been since yesterday the perfect butt of fortune, and am, at this moment, in the most agonising state of uncertainty.”

“In the name of mystery, what has occurred?” said the colonel; “come, tell me the cause, the circumstance.”

“In one word—a woman.”

“Pshaw! Kennedy,” said Hilson, rather piqued; “at such a time, can you trifle?—who—what is she?”

“I know not; there is the rub—she is wrapped in mystery; and did I not believe the thing to be impossible, I could swear that one from whom I have long been separated was in my arms last night in the public park; nay more, was besides at the ball, spoke to me, and vanished, as if the floor had swallowed her.

When the alarm spread, I was leaving the Duchess' hotel with Mac Dermott, and in the throng I again caught a glimpse of this incomprehensible female. I had nearly come up with her, but in the confusion I got entangled with the carriages: two rolled off nearly at the same moment. I thought I observed the one she entered, and pursued it:—it went off at a quick pace, but I held it in view till it nearly crossed the city, and stopped at a private house, near the boulevard. I rushed on, overturned a drunken waggoner, and came up in time to see a Dutch functionary, crippled by fat and rheumatism, leisurely alight at his own door. Cursing my evil stars, I had no choice left but to souse myself in the next canal, or return quietly to my quarters. Fortunately, I recollected that drowning was not a genteel death; for, as Jack Falstaff says, 'it swells a man.' I cut the canal, and now you know as much of my misfortune as I do."

Hilson smiled. "The thing is not so bad as

your suicidal looks led me to expect. I am not, however, the fittest repository for your tender sorrows; and as I hear our friend Mac Dermott on the stairs, I leave you to him for counsel and consolation. I must be off to the Rue Royale. We march at four o'clock; and love must give place to duty."

So saying, he left the room as Major Mac Dermott entered it. Mac Dermott was ready for the march; his handsome uniform was exchanged for an every-day jacket—a proceeding he recommended to his friend Kennedy.

"Here, you, Pat Carty,"—a tall strapping grenadier, in marching order, with his pack and appointments on, obeyed the major's summons—"give us the worst suit in the kit: it's damn'd extravagant for your master to allow himself to be killed in a decent jacket. There, if I travel, I wouldn't give the lad that strips me a *traneecin* for his trouble. What news, Frank?—Come, that will do, fold the jacket: even if it comes to the drum-head, it will be a comfort to see a

friend's effects appear decently. Did you come up with the chase?"

"No, Denis, I might as well have pursued jack-o'-the-lantern. I am sick of the world."

"Phew! did the baggage give you the go-by? Well, Frank, trust me, you'll find her kinder on your return. This comes of striking at noble game. Give me your honest bonnet-dresser, who never heard heroics in her life, and settles your suit with a plain 'ay' or 'no:' but folks differ, Frank; and, as Will Shakspeare says—

'Some men must love my Lady, and some Joan.'

But cheer up; what a jewel of a friend you have!—and that's myself. Look there,"—and he handed the grenadier a packet—"there's news; and from Ireland too."

Kennedy took the letter:—"It is my father's writing—we'll keep it till the hurry is over;" and laying it on the table, he proceeded to put on his uniform.

“Mother of St. Patrick!” ejaculated the major; “a letter from Ireland left unopened!”

Kennedy smiled:—“Faith, Denis, you may peruse it if you please; you seem wonderfully curious about the contents. Nay, there is no secret; my poor father’s late communications have latterly all harped on the same string—bad times, and no price for cattle.”

“There is an enclosure, Frank, a letter in a lady’s hand.” “Pshaw!—my aunt Macan’s:—go on, Denis.” Mac Dermott complied; and his observations upon his father’s epistle amused the captain of grenadiers.

Dublin, June 1, 1815.

“What the devil is he doing in Dublin? no good, Frank—another corner off Killnacoppal!” —*Dear Frank, In consequence of the dry weather, the potatoes in Monieen Beg totally failed; and Patsey Herraghty, whom you may remember your aunt Macan always foresaw would prove a rogue, with his two sons, and*

‘Tummas a Neilan’ (Tom of the Island) who was pilot to the Blue-eyed Maid when she landed the brandy on Innis biggle, drove off their cattle by night, and have not since been heard of.—“ Ay, Frank, the old story to a T, short crops and run-away tenants.” A three-year-old bullock, that Peeterein (little Peter) Joyce refused six pound ten for at the fair of Westport, fell over the cliffs and was lost.—“ A pleasant letter-writer your father is!” As the wind was unfortunately off the shore, he drifted out to sea, and we did not even get the hide.

“ Well, that’s important too!” A strange gauger — “ Musha, bad luck to him!” — A strange gauger surprised the village of Clash—Clash—Clash-na—Clash-na Mac Cumeskey—“ I would like to see a cockney of the guards trying his tongue on Clash-na Mac Cumeskey ” —on May eve, and seized three stills, and made nine prisoners: all of whom, however, were rescued by a rising of the country.—“ Well done Connemara!” On this occasion a soldier

lost his life, and the gauger's horse was smothered in a bog-hole—a natural result of their wanton attack upon an inoffensive peasantry.

—“Pleasant people the inoffensive peasantry of Clash-na Mac Cumeskey are!” *You will, no doubt, be quite unprepared for the very painful occasion of my present visit to the metropolis.* — “’Pon my soul, not at all!

I’m as much up to it as if I was a subscribing witness:—another slice off the fodeein!” *

The sudden death of your uncle Davidson—

“Ha!” said Kennedy, “is Duncan off?—

Well, attorneys won’t live for ever.” *He has*

made a will, in which none of the family are mentioned;—“The little confounded quill-

driver!”—and left every shilling he died possessed of, except a bequest of twenty pounds

to the poor of the parish—I am not quite certain whether it is St. Nicholas Without, or

St. James the Apostle—“How devilish particular your father is!”—*to your cousin, Lucy*

* A small estate.

Davidson;—Kennedy leaped from the chair—*who has now at her command 56,000*l.* in the five per cents., and ground-rents in Dublin, amounting to 2000*l.* a-year. She writes you farther particulars in the letter herein enclosed. Your aunt Mac*—— “Stop, Denis, stop! have I been listening to all this trash about drowned cattle and dead attorneys, and Lucy’s dear letter unopened?” In vain he attempted to snatch the enclosure; but Mac Dermott had it secure within his iron grasp, and continued—*bad rheumatism—hip-bone—essence of mustard—relief—will write soon—affectionate*——: here Kennedy succeeded in snatching the letter from Mac Dermott: the seal was hastily broken; the contents ran thus:

“My dear Frank,

“Five years have elapsed, and I am now mistress of more than fifty thousand pounds. By my uncle’s death, I am left without a protector; and as I am determined not to remain

longer in this defenceless situation, I purpose shortly to consult Mr. Francis Kennedy on the subject, and request him to recommend me some gentleman of his acquaintance, with whom I should have a tolerable chance of living happy.

“ It is with great pain I am obliged to risk the re-opening of a wound, which I would hope time and absence had closed. Miss Jemima O’Brien having unhappily got a number of forged bank notes in change, and her kinsman Mr. Clinch being equally unfortunate, from their own unsuspecting dispositions, they inadvertently circulated a few, in encouraging the trade and manufactures of the good city of Dublin. In return for this kindness, they were prosecuted by the ungrateful shopkeepers, and accommodated with a passage to Australasia, and that, too, at the public expense.

“ As I hope to see you before long, I shall only say, that I am still

“ *Yours*, if you please it,

“ LUCY DAVIDSON.”

Kennedy was thunderstruck as he read the letter:—" Denis!" he exclaimed, " where and from whom did you get these letters?"

Mac Dermott, unmoved by the evident anxiety of his companion, coolly replied—" Frank, you are a lucky fellow, fortunate in love, but still more fortunate in friendship. While you were careering through Brussels, in the vague pursuit of your blue belle, I, Denis Mac Dermott, was settling your love affairs, when another would have been employed in disposing of his goods and chattels; and while I should have been signing my will, I was engaged in making your fortune. In short, your park acquaintance and myself have been *tête-à-tête*. Nay, don't stare, man; *tête-à-tête*, by this hand, and in your own bed-room too!"

" Go on, Denis—you are distracting me."

" When you left me in the ball-room, feeling no inclination to follow your meanders through kicking horses and carriage wheels, I took the broad way that leadeth to ——, your present

quarters. At the corner of the street a coach had just pulled up; the door opened, down came steps, and out came a foot and ankle—Holy Saint Patrick!—there is not its fellow in Belgium; and to my surprise, the owner appeared to be a smart, undersized gentleman, in a fur cap and military cloak, that covered him from head to heel. ‘Ah! ha!’ thought I, ‘for all your swagger, my smart lad, you have a woman’s foot, and a neat one too.’ On she passed—I followed; and where should she wheel but into this very house! I ran up stairs; you were missing, and Hilson busy writing at the table. When I came out, whom should I meet in the lobby but my friend with the pretty foot! ‘Pray can you inform me which of these apartments belongs to Captain Kennedy?’ says this non-descript, pertly. ‘Faith, and that I can my young gentleman,’ says I; and opening the door, I discreetly handed her into your bedroom. She seemed for a moment inclined to

retreat, but mustering courage, in she went. ‘You are a friend of Captain Kennedy, I presume?’ ‘I am,’ says I, ‘his bosom friend.’ ‘I have most particular business with him; can you tell where he is, and whether he be engaged?’ ‘As to where he is,’ says I, ‘I have not the slightest suspicion; and the nature of his present employment is best known to himself and a lady who levanted with him half an hour ago from the duchess’ ball.’ ‘A lady—ha!’

“I saw her cheeks grow red as scarlet. ‘Is your friend’s return uncertain?’ ‘As any thing can be that depends upon a woman’s will.’ I knew she was mad jealous, and I determined to give her a dose of it. Nothing like it, Frank—don’t be uneasy; if I have not completely done your business—”

“I fear you have, indeed,” groaned the captain of grenadiers.

“‘Kennedy I presume is a favourite with the fair sex?’ said my gentleman. ‘That he is,’

says I. ‘We are all kept tolerably busy; but how he finds time for his appointments, is a thing that puzzles the regiment.’ At this moment Serjeant Dwyer’s pretty wife came in with some linen. My friend in the fur cap started as if he saw a spectre. Poor little soul! she was sobbing bitterly, for she had just before parted with her husband. She looked so handsome; and her situation, Frank, is, you know, what the papers call ‘so interesting.’ The breathless eagerness with which the park incognita eyed her would have surprised you. Lord, how her colour went and came! ‘May I ask a question?’ and her lips trembled, and she seemed on the point of fainting. ‘That handsome female—is she Captain Kennedy’s mistress?’

“I pretended to look bothered. ‘Why, she does now and then mend his silk stockings;’ and I gave her a knowing wink. ‘Heavens! what an escape!’ she muttered; ‘I might have been lost for ever! What a profligate!’ and

she stamped her pretty foot passionately on the floor. ‘Hush!’ said I, in a whisper, ‘who knows, but the burgomaster’s wife, that lives next door to the Palais de Justice, may be now concealed in the closet.’

“The incognita made me no reply, but took a paper from her bosom. Your writing-desk was open: she seized a pen, wrote for a few minutes, and sealing the paper with a ring she wore, she begged I would give you the letter on your return. I requested her to be seated for a moment, and off I ran to see if you had returned. Still no one there but Hilson. I flew back to your room, determined to detain my lady; but, by St. Patrick, the bird was flown! I ran down stairs, in time to see the carriage drive round the corner; and this packet I found lying on the stairs, dropped I suppose by Desdemona, in the hurry of her retreat.”

Kennedy leaned his head for a moment against the wall. “Mac Dermott,” he said,

“ you have unintentionally ruined me ; give me the paper.”

“ Ruined you ! Lord help thee, Frank ! little dost thou know the sex. There, man, courage ; there are the terms of capitulation. Ha ! the Highland pipes again ! The brigade is marching ; my horse at the door this half hour, and I chattering about a crack-brained baggage ! but, blessed Saint Denis ! what a foot she has !” and Mac Dermott hurried from the room.

For some minutes after his friend's departure Kennedy silently gazed on the little billet. It was the well-known writing of his eccentric mistress. The impression of the ring now caused a painful recollection ; it was a present from himself, and Lucy had preserved it. He trembled as he unclosed the packet : a ringlet of dark brown hair fell from it ; it was the same that Lucy had taken from him the night they parted. The characters were uneven, and scarcely legible, and betrayed the agitation

under which the letter had been penned. The billet ran thus :—

“ Kennedy, farewell ! I loved you ; but that is over. My heart, God knows, was all your own. I plighted you my hand, and I came here to redeem the pledge. I witnessed your apostacy at the ball. I heard you offer your heart and hand to another ; but I discredited the evidence of my senses, and I came here to-night that your own lips should alone convince me of your falsehood. You were not here ; but *here* was a ruined female, a trophy of your success. You were absent ; but your chosen companion bore honourable testimony to your merits, and modestly deferred to the superior profligacy of his friend.

“ Kennedy, for five years this lock of hair rested in my bosom ; *now*, I throw it from me with contempt ; and with it, though my heart should break, all recollection of the giver shall perish. Farewell ! “ L. D.”

Kennedy held the fatal billet in his hand, and continued gazing on it in speechless agony. He seemed spell-bound. His servant thrice addressed him before he could fix his attention. "The regiment," he said, "was on the point of marching." Kennedy made no reply, but folding the lock of hair in the cover which had contained it, placed it, with Lucy's letter, in his breast; then lifting his sabre from the table, he left the room without uttering a word.

Pat Carty stopped to lock the apartment. He tossed the key to the owner of the house, and for a moment looked after his master silently; then taking his musket from the wall where it had rested, "Mona mon douell! but he has got the blink of a bad eye," he muttered, and hurried off to join his company.

QUATRE - BRAS.

QUATRE-BRAS.

The drum beat loud at the morning hour,
And the bugle's note had sounded—
And the battle cloud began to lour,
While the war-horse quickly bounded.

ANONYMOUS.

AT four o'clock the Highland brigade marched from the Place Royale, taking the road to Genappe, through the forest of Soignies.

The appearance of these celebrated regiments, as they moved through the park, was grand and imposing. The bagpipes playing at their head, their tartans fluttering in the breeze, and the sunbeams flashing on their glittering arms, arrested the attention, and excited the

admiration of the inhabitants, who had assembled to see them march ; there was a grave and firm determination in their martial bearing, which well accorded with the proud name their former deeds had won them—they moved steadily on, like men going “ to do or die !”

The Highland pibroch had not yet ceased, when the bugles of another corps were heard approaching, and in a few minutes the 28th regiment wheeled into the park, and followed the 42nd. Although not a national regiment, it was composed, generally, of volunteers from the Irish militia ; and the appearance of the soldiery formed a marked contrast with the Scotch corps which had preceded them. The light carriage, the laughing eye of those daring Islanders, told that war to them “ was but a pastime :”—confident in themselves, they went rejoicing to the field—“ eager for the fray,” but fearless of the consequences. Their music was in unison with their feelings : the solemn soul-stirring pibroch was heard no more—and

the park was filled with the light melody of
“ The young May moon is beaming, love.”

The Royals, the 95th rifles, now marched past ; regiment succeeded regiment in beautiful regularity, until the brigades of Kempt and Pack had filed off before Sir Thomas Picton. The gallant veteran, mounted for the field, with glass slung across his shoulder, saw the last of his splendid division pass by, and wheeling his horse round, he accompanied his brave soldiery, and took the road, which, to *him*, led at once to victory and death !

Leaving the fifth division on its march through the forest of Soignies, it may be necessary to state, that on the preceding morning (the 15th) the campaign opened by a French attack upon the Prussian outposts. Zeithen's corps, having its advance at Charleroi, was driven back upon the bridge of Marchienne ; whence, after a smart conflict, the Prussians retired to concentrate at Fleurus ; Charleroi,

being untenable, was abandoned to the French, whose cavalry entered the town at noon.

That Buonaparte's serious plan was to penetrate into Belgium, was now apparent, and consequently, the Duke of Wellington had issued orders to his army to concentrate on the extremity of his position. The point of union crossed the great road from Brussels to Charle-roi, in a line between Namur and Nivelles.

At the intersection of these four roads stands the hamlet of Quatre-Bras. It consists of a few mean houses, and was there surrounded by rye-fields of enormous growth. On the right was Le Bois de Bossu, an extensive and thick wood, having a deep ravine in its front. The possession of this wood was to the French a matter of paramount importance; as from it they could debouch upon the road to Brussels. For a short time a detachment of Belgians succeeded in establishing themselves in it; but, pressed by superior numbers, they gave

way before the British came up; and the French in considerable force instantly occupied it.

The day was close and sultry, and the total want of water on their line of march greatly distressed the division of Sir Thomas Picton. About 12 o'clock, however, the column reached Genappe, with a corps of the Duke of Brunswick, and the contingent of Nassau. Without a moment's respite the wearied regiments pressed on to assist the Prince of Orange, who was holding a greatly superior enemy in check; for, aware of the value of the position, he gallantly disputed every inch of ground, and succeeded in maintaining himself against overwhelming numbers, till the fifth division came up to his relief.

In justice to Marshal Ney, it must be admitted that his first corps was uselessly withdrawn from him by his master, to support his own operations against Blucher at St. Amand. Its time was lost in counter-marching to the

right, and during the 16th it never fired a shot. Still, however, Ney's *corps d'armée* exceeded 30,000. His cavalry and artillery were both powerful, particularly the former, from his having the additional corps of Excelmans, which alone was computed at 3,500.

On the other hand, the British did not exceed 16,000 men. In cavalry and artillery it was miserably deficient—the former consisting of a weak body of Brunswick hussars, and the latter comprising a limited number of Belgian and Hanoverian guns: the British cavalry, with the horse-artillery, came up only at the close of the day; being cantoned behind the Dender, the great distance (nearly forty miles), and the dreadful state of the roads, rendered their exertions to reach the scene of action sooner abortive.

At half-past two the leading regiments of the fifth division reached Quatre-Bras. General Kempt's brigade deployed to the left of the Brussels' road, and was instantly in action with

the French advance, who, after driving the Belgians from their position near Frasnes, had already reached Quatre-Bras. The troops of the Prince of Orange, oppressed equally by the physical superiority and fierce attacks of Ney's corps, had gradually lost ground, and the important position of the Bois de Bossu had been forced and occupied by the French. The 95th regiment was ordered to attack it: the order was gallantly obeyed, and the French, after a protracted resistance, were forced to retire.

On the left the Royals and the 28th were hotly engaged, and on the right the Highland regiments and the 44th came promptly into action. The battle was general and bloody. While the British endeavoured to deploy, the French cavalry, favoured by the rye-fields which covered their advance, charged ere the regiments could form line, or establish their squares. In some instances the lancers had partial success; but, generally, the perfect

discipline and steady courage of the British corps enabled them to repulse their assailants, who were driven back with desperate slaughter, leaving whole squadrons upon the field to attest the murderous precision of the British musketry.

While each regiment was covering itself with glory, the 28th was desperately engaged : notwithstanding the unfavourable ground where the regiment was posted, surrounded by standing corn, which effectually concealed the cavalry until they were nearly in the act of charging, and exposed to the fire of a French battery that played with grape upon them from the heights above, the 28th regiment formed their square with the regularity of a parade. In vain the lancers rushed through the deep rye to seek an entrance by the openings caused by the cannonade. As the men fell, the space was coolly, but instantly filled up. Numbers dropped ; but while the faces of the square

sensibly decreased, it presented a serried line of bayonets, impassable alike to lancer and cuirassier.

Determined to penetrate, the enemy at the same moment rushed upon it from three different sides : two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence ; and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard. It was their colonel, who called upon them to be “ steady.” On came the enemy ! the earth shook beneath the horsemen’s feet, while on every side of the devoted band the corn bending beneath the rush of cavalry, disclosed their numerous assailants. “ Steady ! men ; steady !” The lance blades nearly met the bayonets of the kneeling front rank. The cuirassiers were within a few paces : not a trigger was drawn ; but, when the word “ *Fire !*” issued from the colonel’s lips, each side poured out its deadly volley, and in a moment the leading files of the French lay

before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye, while a constant stream of musketry from the British square carried death into their retreating squadrons.

While the regiments on the left were suffering from the fierce and repeated charges of the enemy, the brigade of General Pack, on the right, was furiously attacked. The 42nd were charged in the act of forming square ; and two companies that were on the flank of the regiment, from the suddenness of the attack, and the embarrassment consequent on forming in the standing corn, which almost reached to their shoulders, being excluded from the square, were in an instant ridden over, and annihilated. Colonel Macarra fell : half the regiment was cut to pieces ; but the gallant remnant, formed in a diminished square, at last repulsed the enemy, and fighting back to back, maintained their ground, until their

destructive musketry obliged the enemy to retire.

The remaining regiments of the Highland brigade were hotly pressed by the cavalry: there was not a moment's respite: no sooner were the lancers and cuirassiers driven back, than the French batteries poured a torrent of grape into the harassed squares, which threatened to overwhelm them. Numbers of officers and men were stretched upon the field. The French, reinforced by fresh columns, redoubled their exertions, and the brave and devoted handful of British troops, "feeble and few, but fearless still," seemed destined to cover with their bodies the ground their gallantry scorned to surrender.

Wellington, as he witnessed the slaughter of his best troops, is said to have been deeply affected; and the repeated references to his watch showed how anxiously he waited for reinforcements.

"Frank," said the commander of the 28th

to the captain of grenadiers, who was binding a handkerchief round his bleeding arm, "this cannot last much longer; that infernal French battery will annihilate us:" for the defeat of a fresh cavalry attack was followed as usual by a storm of grape from the French guns on the heights. "Would to God we dare move forward! the villains have got our range so accurately, that our gallant fellows are dropping by dozens; and there goes Mac Dermott," and he pointed to the senior major, who was being carried to the rear in a blanket, by four men. "Ha! the battery ceases: the corn moves: here come the devils."

"Twenty-eighth, prepare for cavalry!" said General Picton, as he rode up for shelter to the square. Again the lancers rushed from the rye; but the consummate discipline of the regiment had already closed the breaches in their ranks made by the enemy's artillery. The daring lancers rode round the square to seek an opening. Each face, as they galloped past,

threw in their reserved fire; and leaving the earth covered with their dead and wounded, again the broken squadrons receded.

“Well done, my gallant twenty-eighth!” exclaimed their general, as the cavalry recoiled from the square. “Hilson, the enemy is in confusion. By Heaven! we’ll charge them; and here comes Kempt with the Royals to relieve you. Twenty-eighth, wheel into line!” The regiment sprang upon their feet, and deployed in double-quick time. “Forward! give them the bayonet!”

Instantly, the regiment advanced with admirable regularity. The bear-skin caps of a French column appeared within thirty yards: the tall corn had hitherto prevented them from being noticed. The steady and soldierly silence, with which the previous manœuvres had been executed, ceased when the 28th saw the young guard before them: their pace quickened, their bayonets were lowered: a low murmur ran along the line. The captain of grenadiers, four paces in the front, waved

his sabre over his head, and shouted the Irish slogan : a hundred voices repeated—"Faugh a ballagh !" The murmur swelled into a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens. The bayonets crossed : in another moment the French column was broken, and the 28th, with oaths and wild shouts of victory, trampled over the dead and wounded, till the scattered guard was driven with hideous slaughter over the fence, and in great confusion fled across the road to the cavalry for shelter.

Meantime, the 95th had repulsed the French tirailleurs, and succeeded in recovering the important wood, from which the Belgians had been driven ; but this success was momentary. Under the fire of an overwhelming artillery, and supported by a cloud of cavalry, which hovered on the verge of the Bois de Bossu, the French light troops re-entered the wood : the 95th, after a gallant struggle were obliged to fall back, and once more the French occupied the forest.

Early in the action the 92nd were in position in a deep ditch, to cover the guns and cavalry. For an hour, the situation of the regiment was most unpleasant, from being greatly exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns. The Brunswick hussars, who were in front of the Highlanders, having attempted to repel a charge of French cavalry, were repulsed and driven back in great disorder on the 92nd, and the French followed up their success by sabring the rear of the hussars. The Brunswickers galloped down the road, on which part of the Highlanders were obliqued, while the remainder lined the ditch.

For a time, from the *melée* having mixed the rear of the hussars with the front rank of the cuirassiers, the 92nd could not assist them. At length the Brunswickers and their headmost pursuers wheeled round the right flank of the Highlanders, who were thus enabled to deliver their volley. The converging fire of both wings fell with such terrible

effect on the advancing cuirassiers, that the cavalry was perfectly severed by the discharge. The road was choked up by the men and horses rolling in death above each other, and the regiment, totally disorganised, retreated in great disorder.

The adjutant-general now came up and ordered the 92nd to advance. In a moment they passed the ditch and attacked a body of cavalry and infantry. A French column which was retreating to the wood kept up a severe fire; but the 92nd bravely kept their ground, though in front of so superior an enemy, till having left half its number on the field, including all the field-officers and most of the captains, it was relieved by a regiment of the guards, and retired to its original position. In this short and bloody conflict it lost twenty-eight officers, and nearly three hundred men.

Fortunately at this eventful moment the guards, under General Cooke, arrived from Enghien, after a distressing march of twenty-

seven miles. At three o'clock on the morning of the 16th they got the order to move. Proceeding by Braine le Compte, the late headquarters of the Prince of Orange, they passed on to Nivelles, where the division halted, lighted fires, and prepared to cook their rations. But their bivouac was scarcely formed when the constant roar of cannon announced the Duke of Wellington to be severely engaged; and soon after an aide-de-camp arrived with orders to hurry up without a moment's pause to Quatre-Bras. The order was instantly obeyed. Kettles were packed; the rations abandoned, and the wearied troops again resumed their march.

The path to the field of battle could not be mistaken; the roar of cannon was succeeded by the roll of musketry, which was every step more clearly audible. Waggon heaped with wounded British and Brunswickers interspersed, told that the work of death was going on. The guards indeed came up at a fortunate crisis.

The Bois de Bossu was won; and the tirailleurs of the enemy debouching from its cover, were about to deploy upon the roads it commanded, and thus intercept the Duke's communication with the Prussians. The fifth division, sadly reduced, could hardly hold their ground, and any offensive movement was impracticable: at this moment, one so perilous, the guards came up. The French tirailleurs were issuing from the wood, but paused on perceiving the advancing columns.

The first brigade, having halted, loaded, and fixed bayonets, were ordered to advance. Wearied as they were with their fifteen hours' march, they cheered and pushed forward. In vain the thick trees impeded them; each bush, each coppice, was held and disputed by the enemy: but the tirailleurs were driven in on every side. Taking advantage of a rivulet which crossed the wood, they attempted to form, and arrest the progress of the guards. That stand was momentary; they were forced

from their position, and the wood was once more carried by the British.

Their success was, however, limited to its occupation; the broken ground and close timber prevented the battalion from forming; and when they emerged, of course, with considerable disorder from its cover, the masses of cavalry drawn up in the open ground charged and forced them back. At last, after many daring attempts to debouch and form, the first brigade fell back upon the 3rd battalion, which by flanking the wood had been enabled to form in square, and repulse the cavalry. There the first brigade halted: the evening was now closing in; the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler; a brigade of heavy cavalry and horse artillery came up: worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack, and the 5th division with the 3rd and the guards took up a position for the night on the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this bloody day.

Ney fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily. Still a few cannon-shot were heard after the day had departed : gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to the harassed soldiery ; and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British, with their brave allies, piled their arms and stretched themselves on the field.

LIGNY.

LIGNY.

Charge with all thy chivalry !

CAMPBELL.

WITH night the battle of Quatre-Bras closed. Considering the limited number of the allied troops which were actually engaged, this sanguinary conflict almost stands without a parallel : the Anglo-Belgic loss amounted to upwards of 4000 men, and that of the French was admitted by themselves to reach 4200. No stronger proof could be adduced of the desperate courage of the allies than the amazing loss acknowledged by the enemy. Destitute of

cavalry and artillery, the conflict must have been close and sanguinary beyond description, when such destruction was achieved alone by the musketry and bayonets of the British.

Among the brave who fell at Quatre-Bras a large proportion of officers were numbered.

The Duke of Brunswick died at the head of his own corps. Throughout the day he had stimulated the troops by his example : his fall was deeply deplored, and it was afterwards as deeply avenged. Most of the British regiments had lost their colonels ; and the celerity, in many instances, with which the command was transferred to fresh officers, told how quickly the work of death went on. Trifling wounds were totally disregarded ; and in the case of the lamented Picton, the very circumstance of his being severely wounded at Quatre-Bras was not discovered till after he fell at Waterloo.

While on the right of the allied position Wellington and Ney were engaged, the centre, under Blucher, was attacked by Buonaparte in

person. The position of the Prussian general embraced the heights between Brie and Sombréf, with the villages of Ligny and St. Amand in front. The ground was admirably selected for defence; the surface was undulated and broken, and covered with the enclosures of farm-yards and orchards. The villages were naturally strong; they stood in front of a ravine skirted by trees and thickets, behind which the ground rose to a considerable height.

A large force defended Ligny and St. Amand; while masses of infantry were stationed in the defile behind, for the double purpose of supporting the troops in the villages, and masking their real strength from the enemy. The latter design, however, did not succeed; for on debouching from the heights of Fleurus, Napoleon was enabled to reconnoitre the Prussian position with accuracy. From the result he calculated their force with precision, and regulated his movements accordingly.

The fourth Prussian corps, commanded by

Bulow, had marched from its cantonments between Liege and Hannut ; but from bad roads, and unforeseen interruptions, it did not come up in time. The other three which were in position amounted to 90,000 men. The right wing rested on St. Amand, the centre was at Ligny ; while the left occupied Sombref, stretching along the narrow road towards Gembloux.

The *corps d'armée*, with which Napoleon attacked the Prussians, has been variously stated. It probably out-numbered the force opposed ; but certainly it was not much superior. If Ney's corps actually engaged with Wellington, and the 1st which was "idly paraded" between Buonaparte and his lieutenant be deducted, the opposing forces at Ligny were nearly equal.

The 3rd and 4th corps of infantry and the 3rd corps of cavalry, forming the left wing of the French army, were commanded by Marshal Grouchy. The centre, compris-

ing the guard, the 6th corps, with the 1st and 4th corps of cavalry, were under Napoleon in person.

Although the French emperor with his natural impetuosity was ardent to commence his attack upon Blucher, it was delayed by the difficulty he found in passing the Sambre. The roads, owing to wet weather, and the mass of troops obliged to move by the same approaches, were wretchedly cut up. This delay, with a necessary change of Grouchy's corps in advancing the right wing by *pivot* upon Fleurus, to support the grand attack on Ligny, occupied most of the day ; and it was three in the afternoon before the necessary dispositions were completed.

Vandamme's corps, the 3rd, commenced the battle by an attack on the village of St. Amand.

Napoleon's judgment was correct in selecting the right of the Prussians for his first effort. It was the more assailable, because

Blucher, anxious to secure his centre at Ligny, had concentrated his best troops there; and from the Prussian position being considerably in advance of Quatre-Bras, had Napoleon effected his object, and turned the right flank, he must certainly have succeeded in cutting off the communication between the allied commanders, as he would have possessed the great road from Namur to Nivelles. Napoleon's calculations were just; and the Prussian centre was materially weakened by sending succours to the right.

The impetuosity of the French attack at first succeeded. Count Lefol, commanding a division of Vandamme's corps, pressed forward, and carried Petit St. Amand with the bayonet. The Prussians, determined to recover the village, led on by Blucher in person, expelled the French from their temporary possession. A murderous conflict ensued. Vandamme's corps was soon entirely engaged, and Girard's division, detached from the 2nd corps, advanced to

support it. Still the day was doubtful ; but Vandamme having established himself in the churchyard, every attempt to dislodge him was unsuccessful. This success appeared limited to the occupation of this post ; for the Prussians occupied the heights above the village in such force as rendered the advance of the French impracticable.

The battle, which had commenced with the Prussian right, gradually extended, and the opposing armies became generally engaged. Ligny was assaulted, and a fierce and obstinate contest ensued for its occupation. The 4th corps advanced upon the village, while Grouchy, with Pagol's cavalry, upon the right, wheeled short by Point de Jour to attack the left of the Prussians at Sombref.

The battle was desperate, general, and prolonged. The fierceness of the attack, and the obstinacy of the defence, from the irregularity of the ground, produced a series of murderous encounters. Orchards and enclosures were

forced after a sanguinary resistance; regiment met regiment; every street, every garden was the scene of a separate encounter. Within the short period of five hours the village of Ligny was six times taken and retaken: every fence and enclosure was obstinately attacked and defended, while the castle was held by the Prussians until its occupants, though often reinforced, were literally annihilated. Reserves came up from both armies to this focus of slaughter; battalion succeeded battalion, while the fire of two hundred pieces of artillery converged upon the hamlet, which being constructed of thatch-roofed houses, was consequently repeatedly in a blaze. In vain the Prussian cavalry rushed upon the advancing columns of the French. The charge failed, and the enemy's cuirassiers gained ground on the line, between Ligny, Brie, and Sombref. Again and again Blucher endeavoured to dislodge them; but the Prussian cavalry were repulsed, and their veteran leader left upon

the field, his horse having been killed in the charge. His escape was almost miraculous: unable to extricate himself from his dying charger, he saw the Prussian hussars driven back. The cuirassiers pursued them, and passed him as he lay upon the field. His aide-de-camp had only time to cover him with his cloak; and his enemies passed and repassed, unconscious that the deadliest enemy of France lay within the reach of their sabres.

In time the cuirassiers were driven back, and Blucher, rescued from his perilous situation, mounted a dragoon horse, and again hurried to the spot where the struggle for victory was most doubtful.

Evening came on, the carnage continued; for each side fought with a desperate animosity, which nothing but the antipathy of the rival armies could account for. The French were masters of Ligny, but the Prussians still held the mill of Bussy, and the heights which commanded the village.

Buonaparte determined by a grand effort to bring the contest to a close, and carry the heights and mill. The imperial guard, all the reserves of the 4th corps, an immense cavalry, including two regiments of cuirassiers, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery, were directed to traverse the village, and assault the position. The attempt was gallantly made. The French plunged into the ravine that separates Ligny from the heights, and undismayed by the torrent of grape and musketry, which was poured upon them from above, pressed on with irresistible impetuosity.

A horrible carnage ensued: the imperial guard attacked the Prussian squares with the bayonet, while the rival cavalry charged at the same moment. Not a foot of ground was given: the dead and dying heaped the earth: neither side would yield an inch, and this tremendous struggle continued. But darkness having favoured the advance of a French division which had made a circuitous movement from

the village, the Prussians found their flank turned, and the enemy on the point of attacking their rear. Without a reserve, for that had been already detached to strengthen the right, and having ascertained that Wellington could hardly maintain himself at Quatre-Bras, and that Bulow could not get up in time, Blucher determined to retreat on Tilly, and unite himself with the 4th corps. At ten o'clock the order to fall back was given, and the centre and right retrograded in perfect order. Forming again within a quarter of a league of the field of battle, they recommenced their retreat, and unmolested by the enemy retired upon Wavre, while the French occupied the ground the Prussians had abandoned and bivouacked on the heights.

Vandamme, who commanded the French left, endeavoured to amuse the right of the Prussians, under Zeithen. Had he succeeded, it must have been cut off when the centre fell back. But the vigilance of the Prussian gene-

ral foresaw the danger, and when Blucher receded, Zeithen retired also, and kept his communication with the centre unbroken.

Thielman had repulsed Grouchy in his numerous attempts upon Sombref, and during the night occupied the village of Brie. At daylight he retired on the 4th corps, and falling back upon Gembloux, formed a junction with Bulow.

Blucher's retreat on Wavre disconcerted the plans of Napoléon. Calculating that the Prussians would establish themselves in the neighbourhood of Namur, the French Emperor hoped to separate the British and the allies; but the Prussian general conjectured that the Duke of Wellington would be obliged to retire from Quatre-Bras; and, accordingly, by falling back upon Wavre he adopted a parallel line of retreat with that of the British upon Waterloo; and the danger of a separation was thus avoided.

It may be anticipated that the loss sustained

in this long and desperate conflict was on both sides tremendous. Buonaparte stated his killed and wounded at 3000 men; but it has been clearly ascertained that it amounted to double that number. The Prussians suffered dreadfully. They left 15,000 men upon the field. They may be stated as having perished; for the unrelenting ferocity with which both sides fought prevented quarter from being asked or given. Fifteen pieces of cannon, which Blucher had abandoned, comprised the trophies of the victory, if a battle gained under such circumstances, and unattended with a single important result, deserve that title.

Buonaparte has been severely censured for daring to attack Wellington and Blucher simultaneously. Had different results attended the battles of Quatre-Bras or Ligny, probably military criticism on Napoleon's bold plans would have been more favourable. Ney seems certainly to have pointed out a safer course; and his idea of first overwhelming the British, and

afterwards taking the Prussians in detail, might have been more successful had it been adopted. But even admitting, in part, that Napoleon's "arrangements" were erroneous, they still were worthy of the vigorous and martial spirit that planned them. His great mistake may be traced to a mind that refused to be controlled by cold calculation. He aimed at more than he could accomplish. With limited means he acted upon a great and comprehensive scheme: disdaining to recognise his weakness, he pursued an object demanding ampler resources than he possessed. This was sufficiently proved by the result, for he was unable to gather the fruits of his triumph over the Prussians, whom he permitted to retreat without the slightest interruption. His army contented itself with remaining upon the ground it had conquered, without even an attempt to harass the slowly-retiring columns of the enemy.

**THE
SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE SEVENTEENTH OF JUNE.

WHILE the Prussians were retreating upon Wavre the British were bivouacked at Quatre-Bras. Exhausted by fatigue, and with scanty means to satisfy their hunger, the harassed soldiery were stretched beneath the canopy of heaven. Nor was sleep, even upon the bare earth, to be easily obtained. The wounded brought in from the rye-fields by their comrades—the partial burying of the dead—the confusion attendant on the arrival of fresh divisions during the night, with frequent alarms from the French pickets, rendered the British bivouac comfortless and unrefreshing.

But no complaints were heard. The troops submitted without a murmur to their privations ; and day dawned upon the gallant bands, and found them neither subdued by fatigue, nor disheartened by the losses of yesterday. The wounded who had been collected during the night were early in the morning sent off to Brussels. Every attention, there, was bestowed upon the sufferers by the kind-hearted inhabitants. Wellington had taken necessary steps to secure them rest and relief, and the reception of the British wounded at Brussels formed a striking contrast to the abandonment of the French sufferers at Charleroi. Napoleon left them to their fate, and such as escaped death among the ruins of Ligny and St. Amand, perished for want of assistance in the deserted streets of Charleroi.

Nor were the cares of the British commander confined to his wounded soldiery. Preparations were actively made for the grand struggle which was to be expected on the morrow ; am-

munition was served out, to replace the expenditure of yesterday; and the guns which had been injured by the enemy's cannonade were repaired and rendered serviceable.

Early on the morning of the 17th Wellington received information of the Prussian retreat, and a corresponding movement on his part, of course, became unavoidable. Buonaparte had arrived at Frasnes at nine o'clock, and having despatched Grouchy in pursuit of Blucher, with the 3rd and 4th corps, and the cavalry of Excelmans and Pajol, he prepared, in person, to attack the English commander. The latter, however, having masked his purpose, by parading some horse-artillery and dismounted dragoons on the heights, left a strong rear-guard in front of Quatre-Bras, and retreated in masterly style through the village of Genappe; and while Napoleon delayed his attack, waiting for his 6th corps, and the reserve to come up, his abler antagonist passed his whole army over the branch of the Dyle which intersects the

village, and retired in noonday through a narrow and difficult defile, without the slightest molestation.

Too late Napoleon discovered that Wellington had eluded his intended attack; and he made an ineffective attempt to embarrass his retreat on Waterloo. A strong body of French cavalry were detached after the British, and came up with the rear-guard beyond the village of Genappe. But their pursuit was soon arrested; as they issued from the village, they were charged by the 7th hussars, assisted by the 11th and 23rd light dragoons; but supported by a mass of cuirassiers, the charge failed against the lancers, and the British light cavalry were repulsed with loss. Again the charge was renewed, and with no better success.

The British life-guards were now promptly brought up, and Lord Anglesey, who commanded the rear-guard, led on the regiment in person. The enemy were driven back in disorder on Genappe, and made no further at-

tempt to disturb the retreat. Indeed, the badness of the roads, broken by the heavy rains, and cut up by the equipages and artillery, rendered any cavalry attempt useless ; rapid movements were not to be effected, and excepting some partial skirmishing, and a distant cannonade, the march of the British army was undisturbed.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the English troops halted on the field of Waterloo. The ground for the different divisions was immediately marked out, and orders given to bivouac for the night. The troops accordingly piled their arms ; wood was collected from the adjoining forest—the fires were lighted—the cavalry picketed their horses—the artillery unlimbered and parked their guns, and each man endeavoured to prepare against the inclemency of the weather, and obtain some shelter during the dreary night, which was fast approaching. The infantry bivouacked on the ridge of the rising ground, which stretched along the whole

position, and the cavalry rested in some hollows in the rear.

While the British were taking up their position the French opened a distant cannonade with round shot. It was particularly directed against the chateau of Hougomont; but it soon ceased, and the remainder of the evening passed without alarm.

The weather, which during the 17th had been close and showery, grew worse at the approach of night: a thick and constant rain set in; the wind rose and blew violently; and peals of thunder, accompanied with vivid flashes of lightning, were heard incessantly. The rain increased, and fell in torrents; the night indeed was awful, and its violence was a fitting harbinger of the stormy morning that succeeded it.

In groups the harassed soldiers crowded about the watch fires, which were with difficulty kept up along the lines. The Duke of Wellington and his staff, with others of the principal officers, passed the night in the village of

Waterloo: the names of the distinguished occupant of every cottage was written with chalk upon the door, and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there long after many of those whom it designated had ceased to exist.

On the heights opposite to those occupied by the British the French were halted. The rising grounds on which either army bivouacked rose from a narrow plain; each ridge undulated gently upwards, and they were about a thousand yards asunder; the intermediate space was unfenced and open, and was then covered by a rich crop of corn, full-grown, and ready for the sickle. Of the two, the French had probably the better position.

The spot, where Wellington determined to give Napoleon battle, was chosen with excellent judgment: it is easily described.

In the rear of the Duke's position lay the forest of Soignies, intersected by the great road from Brussels to Charleroi: near the entrance

of the forest stands the village of Waterloo. The British right extended to Merke Braine, and the left rested on the heights above Ter le Haye. The entire line had a gentle declivity in its front, while Ter le Haye and Merke Braine with their defiles covered the flanks, and would have offered great difficulties to Napoleon had he endeavoured to turn the position. In front of the left centre the farmhouse of La Haye Saint was occupied by a Hanoverian detachment; and in front of the right centre the chateau of Hougomont was garrisoned by a portion of the guards, and a few companies of Nassau sharpshooters. Wellington considered this to be the key of his position, and great attention was bestowed upon its defence. In addition to its natural advantages, the walls were crenelled to afford perfect facility for the musketry and rifles of its defenders.

Behind this chain of posts the first line, composed of Wellington's finest battalions, was

formed. The second was rather in a hollow, and partially sheltered from the enemy's artillery. The third, composed of cavalry, was in the rear, extending nearly to Ter le Haye.

At the extreme right, the British army obliqued to Merke Braine, and defended the road to Nivelles. The extreme left was in communication with the Prussians by the road to Ohain, leading through the passes of Saint Lambert. A corps of observation, under Sir Charles Colville, comprising a large portion of the 4th division, was stationed at Halle, to defend the British right, if attacked, and cover Brussels if it should be turned.

The strength of the British and French armies has been variously and very differently stated. The former, including its corps of observation, which were non-combatant on the 18th, with the Brunswickers, Belgians, and Nassau contingent, amounted to 74,000. Of the force of the latter (French), from the contradictory statements, it is difficult to determine

it with accuracy—probably 90,000 would be about its actual strength at Waterloo. If Warden is to be credited, Buonaparte rated it at 71,000; but taking the original strength at 145,000, deducting 10,000 *hors de combat*, in the battles of the 15th and 16th, and reckoning Grouchy's corps at 45,000, we shall find that 90,000 Frenchmen entered the field of Waterloo. Certainly Buonaparte was very superior in men, and still more so in artillery. The French parks amounted to two hundred and ninety-six pieces, while the British and Belgian guns did not exceed one hundred and fifty.

While Wellington's head-quarters were at Waterloo, Napoleon and his staff took possession of the farm-house of Caillon. Early in the morning he moved forward to Bossu, close to La Belle Alliance, and from its height witnessed the overthrow of his power, and the destruction of a noble and devoted army.

THE CAVALRY PICKET.

THE CAVALRY PICKET.

Seek out—less often sought than found—

A soldier's grave, for thee the best :

Then look around and choose thy ground,

And take thy rest.

BYRON.

IT was midnight: the bivouac was silent; many, exhausted by fatigue, were sleeping on the damp ground; but more were waking, thinking on absent homes, or on the grand events which waited on the coming day: indeed, the night of the 17th was sufficient to impress the minds of the least reflective with feelings of awe and apprehension—on the eve of a decisive

battle ; in the presence of a powerful and excited enemy ; their own physical energies worn down with marching, hunger and cold ; stretched upon the hill side, and destitute of shelter, while the lightning flashed above them, and thunder, peal after peal, reverberated from height to height. Such was the British bivouac—cold, comfortless, and disheartening.

At the foot of the acclivity on which their comrades lay, and advanced into the thick rye, which covered the valley, a cavalry picket watched the enemy's, who were posted on the opposite ridge. The dragoons were standing at their horses' heads, prepared to mount on the moment of alarm ; but there was little grounds for apprehension ; the French were occupied in securing themselves, as they best could, against the increasing inclemency of the weather. Their bivouac extended as far as the eye could reach, over the adjoining heights, and was easily discernible by the numerous fires they had lighted ; and like the British, they

waited till day should usher in the work of death.

Distant sufficiently from the men, to prevent their conversation being overheard, two persons had stationed themselves in advance of the picket. The larger and stouter of the two, wrapped in the ample folds of his scarlet cloak, leaned on the pommel of his saddle, and allowed his charger to crop the tall corn, which reached to the horseman's waist. He seemed to be buried in thought, or sleeping; for his companion frequently addressed him without receiving a reply. On the contrary, the younger dragoon appeared anxious to pass away the hours of his dreary watch: at times he hummed snatches of favourite songs, and often strove to lead his mute companion into conversation.

“Maurice,” he said, “our watch will be undisturbed; like ourselves, the French have had exercise enough to-day to keep them quiet in their quarters. Heaven protect us! what a

flash that was! and hear how the thunder echoes! Are you dreaming, Mac Carthy? Never do I recollect so fearful a night as this."

"I do!" replied the taller horseman, in tones whose hollowness startled his young companion.

"Why, Maurice, what is the matter—are you ill?"

"Ay, boy, with the disease that has but one cure."

"One cure?"

"But one cure—the grave! It was such another," the dragoon continued, unconscious that he gave language to his thoughts—"just such another!—the thunder rolled—the lightning played upon the precipice; and the sea—ay, that alone is wanted to make the scene complete."

"For God's sake, Maurice," cried the young dragoon, alarmed at the wild manner of his comrade, "are you raving?"

"No, Jack, no; would that I were! to-

morrow shall end all;" and after a gloomy pause, he added in a deep whisper, "and I shall be at rest."

"By Heaven, Mac Carthy, you are delirious or ——"

"No, Jack," he continued with a melancholy smile; "as Hamlet says—'My pulse as your's doth temperately keep time, and makes as healthful music.' Jack, I have loved thee as a brother; and before I bid this world 'my long good night,' I would confide to you that which mortal ear never heard. You knew me well—you thought so, Jack; but none knew Maurice Mac Carthy; who, when his song was merriest, his laugh the loudest; when the wine sparkled, and all drank deep and frequently—who *then* knew that the band of penance was pressing on this lacerated breast? Here, Jack—closer yet—now listen to my story. Should I unfortunately survive to-morrow this tale must be locked in your bosom." Again a flash of vivid lightning gleamed over height and valley; and a peal of

thunder rolled fearfully through the troubled air. "The night well suits the tale," he murmured, "for both are horrible. Lend me your flask, Jack. Come, my old remedy. I would brace my nerves, boy!"

Raising the canteen to his lips he took a deep draught, then pressing his forehead with his broad hand as if to collect himself, he thus began his unhappy story.

MAURICE MAC CARTHY.



MAURICE MAC CARTHY.

I look'd upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there ;
He stood as proud by that death shrine,
As even o'er despair
He had a power : in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

LONDON.

MINE is an ancient name. My ancestors were possessed of immense estates, and their descent was from princes. Ages lapsed : the political convulsions of Ireland produced proportionate changes, till the last descendant of “ the Mac

Carthys of the Isles" found himself lord of a rocky promontory on the western coast of Mayo, lashed by the ceaseless waves of the Atlantic, and separated by pathless wilds from the more civilised portion of the island.

I was born in London. My father, in whom the blood of the once proud name centred, had been for a brief space a meteor in the world of fashion. In the higher circles he had been courted and been noticed by the loftiest personage in the kingdom: but his career was ephemeral as fashion itself. His small inheritance was not calculated to support extravagance and display: the wreck of his hereditary property was soon wretchedly embarrassed, and all that was worth alienating was parted with to a stranger. He married a woman who was, like himself, a star in the courtly hemisphere. She was portionless, expensive, and, alas! unprincipled. In a few months after I was born my father's affairs became so desperate, that it was necessary for him to leave London suddenly;

having arranged with his most intimate companion that my mother should join him at an obscure sea-port, and thence they would proceed together to the continent. In vain he waited her arrival; and at last the public papers announced that she had eloped with his false friend.

The poor dupe of fashionable folly retired a ruined, wretched, heart-broken man to the wild spot which still called him master, and which had most probably escaped the general wreck by being too remote and valueless to merit the attention of his creditors. His guilty wife's career of infamy was short; she perished soon after by fever, contracted in her attendance on the death-bed of her seducer.

On the rocky coast of Erris, remote from the world, and shut out from society by the wild barrier of the ocean, my infancy was passed. An old square tower, whose massive walls had withstood the assaults of Time, was chosen by my father for his residence, and

sufficiently repaired to receive us. Nothing could be bolder and more romantic than the site of our solitary dwelling. It stood where a deep and narrow fissure in the mountain side, probably riven by some former earthquake, afforded a communication with the ocean to a little bay within, surrounded by rocks of Alpine height, which completely sheltered it from the frequent storm: this small haven formed a singular contrast to the ocean, whose waters rested within it; while the waves without roared in the fury of the tempest, and tumbled in mountainous succession against the precipice which was impassable to their rage. Within, that little bay remained unbroken by a ripple, and, calm as an infant's slumber, its deep-blue water reposed; while, without, all was uproar and confusion.

Here passed my boyhood. My father secluded himself in his chamber, and soon became a very misanthrope. He occupied the upper story; and, as the floors were arched with solid

masonry, when shut up in his remote apartment, no sound from our small establishment disturbed his melancholy musing. The floor beneath was tenanted by my foster-brother and myself; and the lower portion of the building comprised a huge dark hall, where our gloomy meals were eaten, with some ill-lit closets, which were made repositories for the simple necessities of our limited household: a low irregular building adjoined the tower; it was thatched with bent,* secured by ropes and stones from being displaced by the frequent storms. In this our domestics resided: they seldom entered the tower; and when they did, their respective duties were performed in profound silence. My father's morbid spirits would have been tortured by a laugh; and mirth and happiness seemed banished from our dark abode.

I was about ten years old, when a circum-

* Bent is commonly used in Erris for thatching: it grows in the sand-banks, and is considered much more durable than straw.

stance occurred, which I might describe as the opening scene of my tragic story. A smuggling lugger anchored in the little bay I have already described, and a stranger, with some few articles of prohibited traffic, landed from the vessel. He was evidently a man unaccustomed to contraband adventure; for, excepting the trifles he brought as a present to the tower, he was perfectly unconnected with the vessel and her cargo. The smuggler stated that he had boarded them while under sail from the coast of Holland; and as he paid handsomely for his passage, it was a matter of small consequence to the wild crew who he was, or what business brought him to the Irish coast. He announced himself to be a priest; and after a short stay, and two or three interviews with my father, it was notified to the household that the stranger was to remain permanently with us, to superintend the spiritual affairs of the family. Accordingly, the room adjoining mine, which had hitherto been occupied by my foster-brother,

was allotted to Father Devereux ; and his luggage, comprising a strange-looking bureau, some trunks, and several valuable musical instruments, were removed to the apartment.

It appeared that my education formed part of my father's arrangements with the priest ; and Devereux proved fully competent to the task. Well versed in Greek and Roman literature, he spoke several modern languages fluently. In the sciences he was a proficient ; and in music a master. His instrumental execution was chaste and brilliant ; and his fine full voice was often heard in the evening, as he wandered among the rocks ; now chaunting a *sanctus*, and again singing the divine airs of *Paesiello* and *Cherubini*. Yet he was ill-adapted to discharge the drudgery of our wretched household, though a fitting inmate for our gloomy tower. He appeared labouring under the spell of settled melancholy : his manners were cold and unwinning ; a cloud eternally rested on his

brow, and his look evinced reserve, suspicion, and insecurity.

There were times, too, when his manners lost their usually repulsive character : apparently forgetting what weighed upon his mind, his conversation would become light and interesting : his language was florid, but correct ; and the tones of a very sweet voice caught the attention of the listener as Devereux described with animation scenes and places he had witnessed or visited. He had travelled much ; and the names of noble and elevated personages would at times fall from him inadvertently, and in a manner that insinuated he had moved in a higher sphere than churchmen commonly do.

He was still a young man : his figure slight ; his face by no means handsome ; his complexion was sallow and unhealthy ; and care, not time, had placed " its signet sage " upon his brow : his eyes were very dark and expressive ; he seldom met the glance of those he spoke with, and his

look was ever vigilant and restless. I have been tedious in describing this man. No one knew any thing of his family or connexions, or from what part of Europe he had emigrated to the wilds of Erris : of either he never spoke himself ; and if questioned on the subject, he expressed considerable impatience. He simply stated that he was an orphan ; that he had been educated in a religious house on the continent ; that his family were extinct, and that he had no connexions resident in the kingdom. His history was wrapped in mystery ; and he alone, who could explain it, determined that it should continue so.

Devereux occasionally retired from our society, and for days together would remain secluded in his apartment. While there, no one was permitted to enter ; and whether the monk was engaged at those seasons of retirement in religious duties, or in some secular employment, none could answer. The strange-

looking cabinet which remained in his chamber was never unclosed. It was secured by a curious lock. What it contained was a secret to our little household ; and Father Devereux and his bureau excited the unbounded curiosity of the other occupants of the tower.

In describing the monk's person, I forgot to mention a remarkable circumstance. His hair was coal-black, with the exception of one lock of silvery whiteness, which grew upon his right temple. Devereux concealed it generally among the dark curls which surrounded it ; but accident frequently caused it to be noticed.

Five years passed : my father became more melancholy : he now seldom left his chamber ; and for weeks together no one but the monk was admitted to his presence. He gradually changed to a gloomy ascetic ; and one course of penance was succeeded by some fresh mortification of the flesh. Devereux had by degrees gained an ascendancy over the mind of

the recluse, which enabled the monk to assume in all his affairs, whether spiritual or temporal, a boundless domination.

My tutor and I never liked each other; not that he exercised any severity towards me. I was naturally a quick boy, and acquired languages easily: my memory was excellent; but what principally induced Devereux to attend to my education, was my possessing a remarkably good voice. This, with a correct ear, and perfectly good taste, rendered me useful to the monk in his darling science of music. He bestowed extraordinary pains to make me a musician, and I was soon capable of accompanying my master.

I was now fifteen: my foster-brother lived in the tower; and certainly, never did brother love another more devotedly than Hennessey loved me. He was a bold, active-minded boy; strong and athletic in his make, and daring and adventurous in his disposition. He hated

Father Devereux most heartily ; and from the monk he met with a sincere return.

One night in December, after our household had retired to rest, and the old building and the adjacent cottage were wrapped in profound repose, the barking of the dogs, and a loud and continued knocking at the gate, suddenly disturbed the family. A neighbouring farmer had been taken dangerously ill, and Devereux in his double capacity of priest and physician (for he professed some knowledge of medicine), was sent for by the sick man. The night was cold and squally ; and the monk having ascertained the nature of the peasant's malady, went to his cabinet for some necessary remedy. While he was procuring it, the wind in a sudden gust eddied up the staircase, and forcing open the door of the closet, extinguished the lamp, and Devereux was left in darkness. He had, however, obtained the drug that he required, and locking his secret depository, he

hurried down to where the breathless messenger was waiting for him with impatience.

Finding that his cloak would be desirable to protect him from the storm, he commanded Hennessey, who was standing near him with a light, to go up and fetch it from his chamber. He did so ; and Devereux having muffled himself, departed for the sick man's house. It was some three or four miles distant ; the path which led to it was scarcely passable by day, and consequently, by night, was both difficult and dangerous. The servants returned to their beds—the house was again quiet. I took my candle, and mounting the stone stairs, entered my chamber, and commenced undressing.

In a few moments the door was softly opened, and Pat Hennessey stood before me : he had stolen up stairs unperceived ; and putting his finger on his lips, he signed to me to continue silent. In a low whisper, he told me that the monk had dropped the key of his mysterious cabinet, and that now was a favourable

opportunity for satisfying our curiosity, and ascertaining the contents of Devereux' bureau. Any scruples I felt, or objections I urged against violating the monk's secret depository of we knew not what, were quickly overruled by my foster-brother. The heavy sleeping of the servants assured us we were safe from interruption; and Hennessey and I taking a candle from my room, entered the priest's closet, and silently secured the door.

Before I left my chamber I took the precaution to undress myself: Hennessey's anxiety to explore the secret cabinet was unbounded. He pointed to the monk's pix, or box, which contained the sacred oil used in the ceremonial of the Romish church, as it lay upon the floor, where Devereux had dropped it with the key; and in the darkness and hurry, consequent upon the dying call, neither had been missed by the monk.

I trembled as we stood before the cabinet: conscious that I was doing wrong, I would not

have ventured to commit a breach of faith with any one but Devereux. While I still hesitated to apply the key, Hennessey, bolder or more curious, snatched it from my hand ; and the next moment the secret bureau flew open !

The first object that met our view was a brace of pistols of superior workmanship ; they were carefully loaded, and in excellent order. Beside them was a stiletto, a beautiful weapon, highly finished, and mounted in gold and ivory : a shorter dagger lay beside it.

“ Holy Virgin ! ” said Hennessey in a whisper, “ was ever priest so well provided ? and, faith, he keeps these in capital condition. See here, a flask of powder and plenty of bullets !—Why Father Devereux could stand a siege ! ”

While my companion’s attention was engrossed with the monk’s arms, I had opened a small drawer, of which there were several within the cabinet. It contained a morocco-leather case, a quantity of foreign gold coin,

and a roll of paper secured by a silken string. The case enclosed a miniature ; it was the likeness of a young and beautiful woman. The air and style of beauty was evidently Italian : the painting was exquisite. I could have gazed on it for hours ; but Hennessey's anxiety to explore the *secrétaire* obliged me, unwillingly, to replace it in the drawer.

The remainder of the cabinet was filled with papers and memoranda : a small compartment in the centre alone remained to be examined ; it had a separate door and fastenings, but both were open : there also were some smaller drawers. In one we found a ring and cross of extraordinary beauty : in the next, some little packets carefully sealed and labelled, with several phials of variously-coloured liquids. They were undoubtedly most valuable drugs ; for the greatest attention seemed to have been given to their security. In the same drawer was a parchment memorandum-book. This apparently contained medical prescriptions :

the characters were in an unknown language ; and, to Hennessey and myself, were totally inexplicable.

Again I took the miniature : again I looked with delight on the lovely features it portrayed. I examined the roll of paper which lay beside it : I hesitated to untie it ; but as I parted the leaves, the words “ Casa Bella,” “ Marcella,” “ Venoni,” and others of less significance, were visible. My curiosity was excited.

I was about to open the manuscript, when suddenly Hennessey exclaimed, “ It is a horse’s feet, and galloping too !—it must be Devereux.”

Instantly we replaced the picture. I laid the roll of papers in the same situation that we found it. Hennessey was right : a horse rapidly approached. We locked the cabinet, and consulted how we should dispose of the key. “ Leave it beside the pix,” said my foster-brother. “ It is the monk : his horse is in the

yard; and now, to bed--put out the candle, and keep quiet."

In a moment both were done; and Hennessey ran down stairs and threw himself upon his mattress, while the heavy sleep of two or three male servants in their settle beds, beside the hall fire, proved that sound slumbers are not confined to the couch of luxury.

In a few seconds after we had effected our retreat a furious knocking at the gate again alarmed the domestics. The voice of Devereux was heard calling loudly for admittance. The unusual noise instantly aroused the servants; and, excepting Hennessey, who had determined to sleep, the house was immediately in motion.

The monk demanded a candle, and while the drowsy servants endeavoured to kindle the expiring embers of the hall fire into a blaze, Devereux expressed more than ordinary impatience. At last the light was procured; and as the confessor passed the crib where Hennes-

sey, half awake, was stupidly attempting to rouse himself, he struck him sharply with his riding switch, and rated him as an useless sluggard. I heard him rush up stairs, and enter the closet, and an exclamation liker an oath than a blessing, announced that he had recovered the key. He locked the closet door, and I presume immediately examined his bureau. Soon after I heard him leave his room, and next moment he was standing with a lighted lamp in his hand beside my bed. My apprehensions of a discovery were dreadful; but I made an exertion, and managed to conceal them.—“ You were but a short time absent, Father Devereux,” I remarked. He made no reply to my observation, but casting one of his searching looks on my face—“ You are not long in bed, I fancy ?”

“ I am some time,” I replied.

“ I saw a light gleam,” he rejoined, “ either from this window, or the loop-hole of my closet,

as I descended the hill above the tower,"—and he darted a furtive glance at me as he spoke.

With assumed indifference I replied, "Probably you noticed my candle; it is but just now extinguished."

"Then you remained up after I left you?" said the monk.

"I did," I replied, carelessly.

"May I ask, young gentleman, what detained you from your bed?"

I had been fortunately arranging some fishing-tackle in the evening, and pointed to a table covered with casting-lines and flies—"I was preparing for to-morrow," I replied. "After the rain of to-day, if the wind be westerly, as it promises, I shall kill some salmon."

Instantly Devereux turned his lamp upon the place I pointed to—flies in excellent confusion were there. "It is, methinks, a strange season to assort fishing gear; midnight is ill adapted, young sir, for selecting colours for

your angle;" and, turning away, I heard him retire to his room.

His suspicions, if he had any, were removed; for afterwards he never hinted at the cause of his abrupt return. I had, however, discovered that night that with Devereux some strange mystery was involved. The arms—the gold—the drugs—the miniature, and the jewels—were not the usual deposits to be expected in a churchman's bureau. I determined to watch him closely. I had no one to whom I dared confide his secret or my suspicions. My father was totally alienated from the world; he merely thought and acted as his spiritual director willed; and had I ventured to communicate what I knew, or what I apprehended, I was well aware that the poor dupe would have immediately detailed it to his artful confessor.

Three summers passed, and I completed my eighteenth year. I was tall and manly, and my personal strength was amazing. With my

growth my antipathy to Devereux appeared increasing. He could not but notice it; and no doubt his aversion to me was proportionate.

My father's religious severities had now attained a height which made us conclude that his intellects were shaken. Incompetent to manage his affairs, he delegated the direction of his family to his confessor. By the death of a distant relation of my unfortunate mother a large and unexpected addition was made to our limited income. I wished to remove my father from his seclusion, and restore him once more to society; but on this point he was obstinate. Devereux worked upon his weakness, and he continued to live in obscurity, his willing dupe. Had he been as weak on other subjects as on religion, young as I then was, I would have exercised the authority of a son, and become the manager of his property and person; but he was perfectly rational when the priest permitted him; and he so managed to keep my father in his thrall, that I was obliged to sub-

mit to the misery of witnessing his weakness, without being able to remove the cause.

Such was the domestic situation of the tower, when early in a dark night in January the coast was alarmed by signals of distress fired in quick succession from a vessel. We all hurried to the rocks; the islanders already lined the cliffs, allured by the hope of plunder. The flashes of the ship's guns through the darkness pointed out her situation; and we easily ascertained that she had struck on a dangerous reef, a league distant from the shore, known to the peasantry by the name of Carrick-a-boddagh.

The wind increased, and at midnight it blew a hurricane. The guns, which had continued firing at intervals, ceased suddenly, and we concluded that the vessel had gone to pieces. To launch a boat on that iron-bound coast in darkness, and in a gale of wind, was impossible; and all, with different objects, waited for the light of morning. I was anxious for the lives of the wretched crew; but my companions, I

suspect, were actuated by the sordid hope of plunder.

At last day dawned. The sea ran mountains high; and by the gray light of morning we saw a ship nearly parted in two, hanging on the dangerous reef, and we momentarily expected to see her go to pieces. Most part of the cargo had already floated from the wreck, and lay scattered over the adjacent coast; it had engaged the inhabitants of this wild peninsula in their lawless work of plunder. With a telescope, I discovered through a mist of broken sea which rose above the vessel, that some living thing was still upon the wreck. My enterprise, and probably some better feelings, were excited, and I determined to reach the hapless ship. I had the best yawl upon the coast; and it was believed that any sea a boat could live in mine would pull through; but the difficulty was to man it. Had I wished to board a smuggler, or undertake any contraband adventure, I should have found in the wild and lawless islanders a

ready and effective crew ; but now all were bent on one bad object, and their feelings were callous to the danger of a fellow-creature.

The sea broke with unusual violence on the rocky entrance of our little harbour ; generally calm, even severe weather but slightly affected it ; but now the convulsion of the ocean without had reached it, and its waters were agitated by the swell. I called on some of the boldest of our tenantry, but they refused to venture ; talked of the attempt as madness, and, pointing to the heavy surf which broke upon the cliffs, declared no boat could live a moment in the breakers. I was not easily discouraged ; with Hennessey's assistance, and the servants of the tower, we launched the yawl, and again I tried to persuade the unwilling peasants to assist me to reach the wreck.

In vain were my entreaties—in vain Hennessey cursed them as cowards ; and at last, despairing of assistance, we determined to attempt to board the vessel. The yawl's painter

was cast off, and we had pulled a few boats' length from the rocks, now crowded with anxious spectators, when "Paurike Bawn," (White Pat,) who had been for thirty years the favourite pilot of the smugglers, called on us to return. We did so. Paurike and his two sons, the ablest boatmen on the coast, deliberately threw off their hats and *cota mores*,* then tossing their jackets to the women who crowded round, and vainly strove to dissuade them, they leaped into the yawl. Paurike took the helm; his sons, Hennessey, and myself, settled ourselves to the oars. While we were preparing for our bold attempt the populace who lined the cliffs prayed us to desist; one alone encouraged us—it was Devereux. I guessed his object, but he was disappointed.

We pulled through the sheltered water quickly:—we approached the entrance of the inlet. The swell burst upon the rocks with deafening violence, while the narrow opening

* Large frieze-coats used by fishermen.

to the ocean was scarcely discernible through the cloud of spray which rose from the broken waters. Paurike Bawn had long been reputed the boldest pilot on the coast, and now he proved the best. Our success and our lives depended on his skill and our own exertions. If we cleared the broken sea, which boiled for an hundred yards between us and the ocean, we might succeed. We entered the breakers.—“Pull,” cried Paurike Bawn—“Pull:—life and death are in your oars, boys!”

Hennessey and his young companions were counted the flower of our hardy peasantry; and braver hearts or stouter arms never buffeted an angry sea. We strained, till the tough ash bent like willow; by main strength we forced the yawl into the surf; a shower of spray concealed us from the land; our oars fell with lightning's quickness into the foaming water. Paurike steered the boat inimitably, and in a few minutes a loud cheer from the cliff's announced that we had crossed the breakers; and

over the dark waves, which came rolling on like liquid mountains, our bold skiff rose, as with longer and lighter strokes we directed our course to the wreck.

We pulled indeed for life and death:—we neared the unhappy vessel: as we approached we noticed one living thing—it was a female figure:—she saw us, and waved a handkerchief. We came up rapidly. Paurike Bawn was well acquainted with Carrick-a-boddagh, and through a channel in the reef we were enabled to reach the ship, or rather that portion of the wreck where the female stood.

In a moment I gained the deck, and found a beautiful girl of about fifteen, seated beside an elderly man, whose head she supported on her lap, while she occasionally moistened his cold lips with some cordial. The man was not visible till I had got on board, as he was lying on the deck, lashed to the stump of the mizzen-mast. He appeared dying, and hardly noticed the approaching succour. Not so the female; she

clung to me in an agony of joy, and called me her dear deliverer.

While Hennessey and his companions were using every endeavour to recover the exhausted stranger, I collected from the broken narrative of the interesting girl that her father was an Englishman, and had been for many years resident in South America. He had married a Spanish lady, and she was their only child. Her mother died; and finding his health declining, her father decided on returning to his native country. He made the necessary preparations; disposed of his plantation, and invested the produce in the cargo of this luckless ship and some valuable jewels. They sailed from the Havannah for England. Thick and severe weather came on, and caused them to deviate from their course: they lost their reckoning, and ignorant of the proximity of the western coast, they found themselves close in just as a heavy gale from the south-west came on. The ship worked badly; she was unable to beat out

to sea, and night came on while they were vainly struggling to clear a lee-shore. Soon after dark the ship struck on Carrick-a-boddagh.

For the last fortnight, she continued, her father had been getting worse, and from the commencement of the bad weather he had been unable to leave his cabin. When the vessel struck, in an exertion he made to gain the deck, he was thrown by a violent lurch of the ship from the companion ladder, and left in a state of insensibility. The captain fired signals of distress, but they were unanswered: the vessel yielding to the sea, began to part a-midships, and the crew believing their situation desperate, hoisted out the long boat; but she was scarcely in the water when she bilged against a fallen mast. The launch was then got over the ship's side. Adela, as the lovely stranger was called, finding the wreck about to be deserted, implored the captain to assist her wounded father to the boat, and not abandon them to what appeared certain destruction.

Though made upon her knees, her appeal to his humanity was lost upon the monster. The ship's company were crowding into the boat, when the poor girl, with a desperate effort, and almost superhuman strength, assisted her dying father to reach the deck: they only succeeded to find themselves abandoned to their fate; the last man had left the deserted vessel, and the crowded launch was already combating the angry ocean. Adela in despair leaned over the bulwark: little time was left for lamenting the abandonment of her father. By a flash of lightning, she saw the boat followed by a mountainous sea—it broke right astern of the devoted wretches;—in a mass of foaming surge the launch disappeared, and every soul perished!

“ And, oh!” she exclaimed, raising her eyes in an agony of despair to Heaven! “ would it not have been better that I had shared their fate?—I, about to lose my only protector, and

be thrown a wretched, helpless outcast on the world!—May God support me!”

The deep, the heart-rending misery of the poor sufferer overpowered me. I too was young, and ardent, and unhacknied in the school of life. I knelt beside her—I prayed her to be comforted—I swore to love her as a brother, and called on Heaven to forget me when I ceased to be her protector.

Poor girl! my ardent manner succeeded in partially restoring her tranquillity, and following her directions, we recovered from a part of the cabin where the sea had not yet entered, a number of trunks and packages: one she pointed out particularly, and told me in a whisper that it contained the jewels she had mentioned. We placed them, with great exertions, in the yawl, and with still greater difficulty removed her and the dying stranger.

In the interim the tide began to flow, and the wind, which had lulled for a time, sensibly

increased. Not a moment was to be lost: with amazing efforts, from the imminent danger of being swamped, we cleared the frightful channel by which we had approached the wreck. Paurike's accurate knowledge of the reef alone enabled us to escape: we pulled through a mountainous sea in safety, and again drew near the dangerous entrance of our iron-bound haven. Waiting, by Paurike's directions, for a tremendous mass of water which came swelling after us, and was sufficient to shake the nerves of the boldest mariner, we made it the means of our security: mounted on its lofty ridge, we desperately entered the rocky chasm. It broke with a thundering sound—the spray flew half way up the precipice;—but three gallant strokes carried us beyond its reflux; and though it filled us to the beams, it had left us in safety in the harbour.

We had providentially succeeded: we had rescued two deserted beings from destruction, and a hundred voices who had despaired of

our return, now cheered us as we beached the yawl.

Ramsay, as the stranger was called, was carried with his daughter to the tower. He was placed in a warm bed, and all the simple remedies within our power were administered to him—but in vain. He continued sinking till evening, and expired in his daughter's arms. He appeared sensible in his last moments, and conscious that he had those around who were anxious to relieve his sufferings. Just before his departure, he made a feeble effort;—named his daughter once, then pointing to me, he breathed his last. Adela and I understood his dying look; it was confiding her to my protection.

It required some persuasion to remove the gentle mourner from her parent's corpse. I surrendered my own apartment to Adela. The last rites of sepulture were bestowed on Ramsay's remains. The fair orphan was left to her sorrows; and a village girl I had procured for

her attendant was the only person permitted to intrude upon her privacy.

Devereux was particularly curious to ascertain what information I might be possessed of relative to the interesting girl. He proposed that the trunks and boxes, saved from the wreck, should be examined. The one which Adela pointed out as containing her father's jewels, attracted the monk's attention, from its being constructed of a hard and valuable wood, and secured with iron clasps, and numerous locks and fastenings. I, however, peremptorily objected to any of Adela's property being disturbed, and insisted that her luggage should immediately be placed under her own care ; and it was conveyed to her apartment.

Devereux would have been inclined to have satisfied his curiosity, and possess himself of the orphan's history and effects together ; but of late he found me determined to assert a mastery in the tower, which had for years been usurped by himself. He used his monkish in-

fluence to make my father's religious weakness secondary to his schemes; but my spirit had been roused. Hennessey encouraged me to oppose the priest, and a violent quarrel had occurred a few days before the shipwreck, which threatened to rob Devereux of the power over the management of my father's affairs, which for a long time he had been suffered to exercise.

A favourite servant unintentionally neglected to obey some order given by the monk, and during my absence on a shooting excursion had been dismissed from the tower. I recalled him on my return, and a fierce altercation between myself and Devereux ensued. I insisted on seeing my father, and learning from himself to whom the direction of his household should be entrusted; and without requiring his confessor to introduce me, a ceremony of late necessary before I could see him, I hastened to his chamber. The monk would have stopped me on the stairs, but, irritated by his imperti-

nence, I threw him from me with contempt, and, before he could bar my entrance, I was standing in the presence of the melancholy victim of superstition.

I started when I looked upon the wretched devotee; his beard was unshorn; a hempen rope bound round his waist, secured his black dressing-gown; on his forehead was a figure of the cross, and his face and hands were soiled with ashes.

I had little time for observation. Devereux, his countenance glowing with rage, was instantly beside us. With all the assurance of monkish arrogance, he demanded—"Why had I the audacity to disturb his penitent?" I answered with a laugh of derision, that stung the priest to the soul; his rage outstripped his prudence, and he attempted to remove me forcibly from my father's presence.

In turn I became roused; catching him in my arms, and exerting my extraordinary strength, I hurled him from me with a vio-

lence that he little calculated on. The private altar, its crucifix and other appurtenances, were overturned ; and had not the monk fortunately alighted on my father's pallet, he must have been severely injured. " Father," I cried, before the priest could rise from the ground, and while the unhappy fanatic, unable to speak, gazed upon us by turns—" Father," I exclaimed, " what means the state I find you in ? This is not religion, nor is that man the minister of God ! You are the tool—the dupe of an artful bigot ; and, am I to be his victim ? Hear me, father ; the time is come when you must select between us ; either renounce yonder hypocrite, or," and I swore a deep oath, " I will no longer remain to tamely witness a parent's degradation."

" Maurice," said my father, faintly, " spare me, as you are my child. God knows I love you ; but my lost, my miserable soul !"—and the wretched ascetic commenced a torrent of Ave Marias.

I paused for a moment:—"Father, I came here, not to witness an imbecility that wrings my heart, but to speak my firm, my fixed determination. I will submit no longer to the tyranny of yonder monk; and ere to-morrow's sun sets, if he continue master, I bid adieu to my father's house for ever! But—" and the priest had risen and approached us;—"but I will not leave you at that man's mercy; and before another month, if there be justice in the island, you shall be free from this degrading bondage. Reflect, my father! I leave you for an hour; and then you at least, monk, shall feel my resolution!" So saying, I left the room, and Devereux remained with his dupe.

The hour passed: my foot was on the stairs; and again I would have forced my way to my father's presence, but the confessor met me, and in an humbled tone of voice requested me to walk out with him. I sullenly obeyed, and we left the tower together. "Maurice," he

said, in a gentle voice, different indeed from his usual style of addressing me, “I grieve to find that the regard you once felt for your tutor and friend is over. I may have been to blame. I have, doubtless, exerted a care—an anxious care, over all that related to your father’s spiritual wants ; and, has this estranged my pupil’s affections from me? Nay, more ; I may have erred in being too solicitous for his earthly prosperity ; but He, who knows the heart, can best testify how faithful was my zeal. But I can correct the latter. In future, as a guest I shall visit you. To you, the natural director of a parent’s property, I surrender all jurisdiction ; but for my honoured, suffering, conscience-stricken friend, I cannot—will not abandon him. You wish me to be absent. Be it so ; your wishes shall be obeyed ; the cabin of the next peasant, who will shelter me, is good enough for the lowly follower of my meek Master ;”—and Devereux crossed himself devoutly. “From it I

can daily visit my sinful brother ; and uniting my prayers for mutual mercy with him, we can mingle our devotions together."

I was surprised :—this sudden change ! Had I mistaken the man ? and was he, whom I considered a meddling, intriguing priest, in reality an humble and forgiving churchman ? Soon my anger vanished ; and before we had been an hour in conversation I had become a partial convert to Devereux ; and believing I had wronged him, I entreated him to continue with my father as his spiritual director, and remain an inmate of our lonely dwelling.

From that hour his conduct towards me was totally altered. He seemed watching opportunities to gain my good opinion. I almost succeeded in conquering my former antipathy. I was nominally the manager of my father's affairs ; but Devereux indirectly possessed an influence, which controlled the family and myself.

Adela recovered. Wild as our dwelling was,

and removed as the tower lay from the dwellings of civilised men, the delicacy of the attention paid to her misfortunes reconciled her to the solitude she was consigned to. I was the first person admitted to her chamber ; and that interview—O God ! how vividly its recollection returns.

It was evening when I repaired to her apartment by her own invitation. The winter sun, which through the day had been brilliant and frosty, shed his departing light upon the casement where the gentle mourner was seated. Habited in the deepest black, one solitary band of large pearls secured a little locket, containing some memorials of her parents ; and this was her only ornament. I have been no stranger, Jack, to woman's beauty ; but I never met any so irresistible as the artless charms of Adela Ramsay. The clear olive of her complexion ; the dark soft eye, with its arching brow and silken lashes ; and the rich profusion of curling hair, black as the raven's wing, all

bespoke her Spanish descent. Her spring of life was verging into summer; and the figure of faultless symmetry, now so light and flexible, would shortly ripen into full and majestic womanhood.

The first burst of filial sorrow had subsided into a soft and winning melancholy, which, with her mourning-dress, well harmonised with the scene and hour of our interview. She rose on my entrance, and extending her hand to me, burst into tears. I led her to the window, and seated myself beside her. I strove to sooth her, and gradually my efforts were successful. With the warmth of ardent youth, I devoted myself to her service; and the moon had risen for an hour before I left my gentle charge.

My father, when acquainted with the circumstances of Ramsay's shipwreck and death, had freely assented to Adela's remaining under the protection of his roof, until some information could be collected, or some plan devised to enable us to make arrangements for her future

support. Devereux seemed to take some interest in her welfare; and when her sorrow had sufficiently subsided to allow her to mix with our household; when her guitar was removed from its case, and the monk listened to a splendid voice, accompanied by an instrument, touched with masterly execution, his ecstasy was unbounded; and for hours he would linger beneath her window, as by moonlight she sang Spanish ballads or foreign airs, to whose wild but soul-touching music, Devereux had hitherto been a stranger.

Winter wore fast away. Adela's natural gaiety returned. The old tower seemed to have lost its melancholy, and assumed an air of social comfort, which had long been foreign to its gloomy walls. Devereux seldom left us; and many a sick call was postponed, to allow him to join Adela and me in our music. The monk was an admirable master; his taste was cultivated; his instrumental performance chaste and brilliant. To a remark of mine on his perfect

knowledge of the science, he hinted that he had been brought up in one of the most celebrated of the Italian conservatori ; but, as usual, he was no farther explicit. It was quite evident that he had been admirably educated ; his voice was a beautiful soprano. Adela's had great power and sweetness ; and my own, a fine full counter tenor, enabled us, under the leading of Devereux, to execute the most difficult and effective pieces of the best composers.

So passed our evenings. In the morning, with Hennessey, I traversed the heaths for grouse, or clomb the wilder mountains in pursuit of the red deer, which to this day are found among the hills of Erris. At night the produce of my gun was brought to Adela. When spring came, she was frequently my companion to the lake and river : I trimmed her angle ; I dressed her flies. In six months after the shipwreck of her father, I found that I lived but in her presence, and that I loved Adela Ramsay to distraction.

Summer came; the heath blossomed; the wild flowers clung to the rock; the bee was on the wing; and the birds rejoiced in that lovely season. Although the gun and angle were laid aside, the walks of Adela and me were not interrupted. At evening we strolled up the deep and lonely valley, which opened into the hills some distance from our dwelling. A mountain rivulet, which joined the larger stream that ran past the tower, led up through a lovely dell till it reached the springs which gave it rise. The banks were covered with the richest heath: the crystal water rippled in the pool, or brawled down its many rapids, and gave a coolness to the valley that induced us to select it for our evening rambles.

Here was our favourite retreat: here would I carry her guitar, till on some mossy hillock we would rest or sing together. At times, watching the small trout springing in the clear pool, or my faithful dog, our mute companion, as he pointed the young broods of grouse, while

the parent bird would challenge the intruder, and try its native artifice to lead the crouching spaniel from the nest.

Why do I dwell on this fond recollection of earlier days? Why, but to mark the contrast between the present and the past; for who, in such a calm and peaceful morning, could have foreseen the dark and blood-stained destiny that awaited Adela and myself?

The sun was sinking in the broad Atlantic, and still my young companion was sitting on her favourite bank. "The fading beams of dying day" had thrown their rich tints upon the western sky: all was at rest, but the stream which rippled at our feet, and added to the coolness, which, succeeding a burning noon, made the refreshing hour of evening doubly delicious. Adela unconsciously touched the strings of her guitar, and the melancholy sounds the instrument returned told that her thoughts were sad.

"Are you unhappy, Adela?" said I.

“I was thinking,” she replied, “of other days, and another clime.”

“Then your present situation grieves you, Adela?”

“When I think, Maurice, of my late misfortunes, I cannot but be sad—desolate and deserted as I am.”

“You have no parents, Adela.”

“Nor friends or kindred,” she added, with a sigh.

“Adela,” said I, interrupting her, “is this kind? am I not, in affection, a brother?”

“Yes, dear Maurice, a more than brother.”

“And why is Adela unhappy?”

“Because, Maurice, this hour of rest, I feel, can only be transitory.”

“Why do you think so?”

“You, Maurice, will not always bury yourself in this retirement; you, for whom the world has many charms, with youth and health and life to enter into all its gaieties.”

“I have no inclination to do so, sweet Adela. This valley—yon tower—”

“Nay, dear Maurice,” said the blushing girl, “there are towers and valleys besides these.”

“There are none for which I would exchange either,” I exclaimed, with ardour.

“Hush!” said the playful girl, and she archly placed her pretty hand upon my lip. “What has yonder black tower, or this wild valley?”

“Has it not—” I stopped; my heart was almost bursting. I threw myself at her feet, and passionately exclaimed, “Has it not *Adela*?”

In a moment her cheeks were covered with a burning glow. She sprang upon her feet, and in an agitated and broken voice, said, “It grows late; we must hasten home.”

“Adela,” said I, as I took her hand, “the secret of my heart is told; and my happiness rests on a word. Will you reject my love?”

She trembled violently. “Speak to me, Adela; suspense is intolerable.”

“Stop, Maurice; in pity spare me. I may not, dare not, own my feelings.”

“ Then, Adela, our happy state of confidence is over ; and will you not trust your brother ? ”

The artless child of nature threw her arms around my neck, and hiding her glowing cheeks upon my breast, owned her first love. Her heart was all my own. Blessed angels ! when I think upon that happy hour ; when I held her, all innocent and spotless as she was, to my throbbing bosom ; when I first pressed my lips to hers, and we knelt, and in the face of Heaven plighted our faith for ever—O God ! the torturing contrast that appears, when I recall the memory of that rapturous hour !

We hastened to the tower. Adela, in artless confidence, at once consented to an immediate union : the constraint which maiden modesty, and the peculiar delicacy of her situation, had hitherto placed upon our intercourse, was at an end. I was now her affianced husband : she loved me for myself ; and she gave me, poor martyr ! fatal proof how ardently, how devotedly she loved !

When I called Devereux aside, and, with a countenance glowing with delight, communicated the tale of my successful suit, he started as if an adder bit him; and when I pressed him to solemnise our marriage, he could not conceal his aversion to my proposal. He spoke of my father's consent being indispensable—stated that inquiries should be made to ascertain Adela's family and prospects; but too happy in the declared attachment of the gentle stranger, I told the monk that nothing should bar my happiness, and gave him time till the following day to determine whether he should marry me or not.

That evening our customary music was interrupted. Adela retired to her chamber; Devereux, occupied with his own thoughts, soon retreated for the night; and having taken Hennessey to the shore, I apprised my foster-brother of my intended marriage.

Next morning the monk beckoned me to follow him. When we were alone, to my surprise, he at once consented to all my wishes.

Delicately hinting at my father's domestic unhappiness, and my poor mother's frailty, the priest observed that Mac Carthy's bodily and spiritual health should not be distracted by a subject likely to agitate his nerves and withdraw his mind from those holy exercises to which he was now devoted. Little preparation was necessary for the union of two young and devoted hearts; and that night, when all within the tower beside were buried in sleep, Adela became mine, in the presence of Hennessey and the village girl, whom I mentioned, as being her attendant.

Six months—months of unequalled happiness, passed over. In Adela I had all that a young and passionate lover could fancy. There was a romance about our love that can be scarcely credited. Our isolated situation, our seclusion from the world, with nought to break upon our privacy; all this combined to draw our young hearts more closely to each other. If ever love on earth was pure and sublimated, such was

the romantic passion of Adela for me. How I loved!—O God! a life of desperate, devoted misery can best demonstrate!

From the period of our marriage Devereux resided but little at the tower. His professional duties were an apology for frequent absences. Still he occasionally returned; and the apartment he had always occupied, and which adjoined Adela's and mine, was reserved for his use. My father secluded himself as he had done for years—I seldom saw him.

A peasant returning from the next town, where he had gone to dispose of cattle, brought intelligence to the tower that a foreign letter was lying in the post-office addressed to my father. Simple as this incident may appear, it created with us a considerable sensation, as a similar event had not occurred for years. A messenger was promptly despatched to bring us this unexpected epistle; and our conjectures were curious enough, as to what the letter contained, and who might be the writer. So very

important was this circumstance considered by our secluded family, that Devereux, who then happened to be absent, was immediately sent for.

The letter and the monk arrived together. Deeming it advisable to ascertain the contents of the epistle before it should be submitted to my father's perusal, we broke the seal. The letter was from Naples, and bore the subscription of a banking-house of that city. It informed us, that a merchant named Roderick Mac Carthy had died in very opulent circumstances, and had bequeathed his entire property—with the exception of a few trifling bequests to charitable purposes—to my father; and that the writers were nominated trustees to the estate. It further stated that the presence of my father, or some confidential person, to whom he should delegate the requisite legal authority of representing him, would be indispensable; and hinting that property was at present exceedingly insecure in Naples, in conse-

quence of the political state of the kingdom, pressed the urgent necessity of an immediate application being made by the heir. Such was the letter.

The state of my father's mental and bodily health rendered his leaving Ireland an impossibility; and Devereux at once declared that I should act as his representative. Who would be so natural a delegate as myself?—I, his son—his heir. It was decided that I should instantly start for Naples; any documents necessary should be forwarded when required. The monk prepared the customary authority from my father. My clothes were hastily packed, and with money sufficient for the journey, I prepared, for the first time, to leave my solitude, and mingle with mankind.

I know not why it was, but to me this unexpected addition to our wealth brought little pleasure. I must leave Adela; and the dread of separation from her alloyed the prospect of increasing opulence. Pride and ambition,

however, urged me to a temporary sacrifice of my happiness. Wealth would enable me to produce Adela to the world, not as the wife of Mac Carthy's ruined heir, but with splendour, suited to her beauty, and the dignity of my ancient and once powerful name. Tenderer feelings too were not wanting. I was likely, ere long, to become a father, and the idea of an unborn offspring incited me to secure the good fortune that Providence had thrown in my path. My absence from Adela would be but temporary. I had health and strength to undergo rapid travelling. I conquered my unwillingness to leave my home, and hastily prepared for my departure.

To Adela the announcement of my intended absence was distracting. She would readily have foregone the brilliant addition to our property, rather than risk a separation. The monk united his arguments to mine, and in time we succeeded in reconciling her to the necessity of losing me for a season.

The night before I bade Adela farewell, she

opened the jewel box which I had saved from the wreck, when the residue of Ramsay's property perished. We had examined it soon after our marriage, in the presence of Devereux. It contained several very beautiful ornaments, and a number of stones in a rough state, just as they had been taken from the mine. These last the monk, who had professed himself a judge of gems, pronounced as being of inconsiderable value. They were replaced in the box, and since that day till now had remained unopened. Adela selected a ring from the case, and put it on my finger. We again looked over the other gems, and discovered that one of the rough diamonds was missing. No person had access to the box; the abstraction of the jewel was consequently most unaccountable. But matters of deeper moment pressed heavily on our thoughts; and, after a few remarks at the singularity of the circumstance, the affair remained unnoticed.

Before I left home I determined to disclose

my marriage to my father; and the monk undertook to prepare him for an interview with my wife. On the morning of my departure, I led Adela by Devereux' appointment to the chamber of the recluse, and placing her in his arms, I rushed down stairs, and leaping on a horse which was in waiting, I galloped from the tower, nor ventured to look back till a rising ground intervened, and hid my dwelling from my view.

Adela, when she found that I was gone, fainted on my father's breast, and was carried to her apartment, which for weeks, as I afterwards learned, she never quitted.

On the morning on which I commenced my journey the monk presented to me a letter with an Italian address. He mentioned having been for some time in Naples, employed in some monastic business; he had lodged at the house of a lady, the widow of a Neapolitan officer; the accommodation was excellent, and the expense comparatively moderate, and he recom-

mended me to make this my residence while I remained in Naples. I had only to despatch his letter, he said, on my arrival in the city, and he had no doubt but his friend would receive me, and be serviceable to me in prosecuting the objects of my visit. The introduction of Devereux to me, a stranger not only to Naples, but to the world, was useful and agreeable; and I received the monk's letter with suitable thanks.

Hennessey accompanied me to Dublin; there I learned that in a few days a vessel would leave that port for Lisbon. I took a passage on board, and having bade adieu to my attached fosterer, I sailed with a favourable wind.

Our passage, however, was uncommonly tedious; the winds were light and baffling. We were four weeks before we reached the Tagus, and I was wearied and depressed, when at last I landed on the mole of Naples.

The master of the latteen boat directed me to a house of entertainment, and I lost no time

in procuring a messenger, and despatching the confessor's introductory letter. The day was prodigiously hot. I went to bed and slept soundly after my fatigue. Evening was advanced before I was dressed, when a stranger was announced, and a person of gentlemanly appearance introduced himself to me as Signor Vassalli. He stated that he was brother to the lady to whom the monk had recommended me as a lodger: his sister was delighted to accommodate one so highly praised as I was by her reverend friend. Her house was ready to receive me; and he, the signor, was at my command, and would be proud to render me any service in his power during my sojourn at Naples.

A carriage was waiting for us: my luggage was placed in the vehicle; my companion and I followed, and we drove off quickly. We traversed a considerable portion of the city, and for some time I perceived we were beyond the walls, and the regularity of the streets had

been succeeded by detached vineyards and cottages.

On mentioning the circumstance to Vassalli, he observed, that his sister's habitation was in the suburbs ; the air was better, and she therefore preferred a respectable retirement to a more noisy and less salubrious situation in the streets of Naples. Soon after the carriage turned to the right, and proceeding down a sort of lane, stopped at a remote villa. The house was situated in a garden surrounded by lofty walls. Vassalli knocked at a small wicket, and a man immediately answered the summons : my companion directed him to bring in my trunks, and leading the way, I followed him into the villa, and was presented in form to his sister as the Signora Farrinelli.

The lady's appearance was particularly striking : though rather *passé*, she was still attractive ; and must have been when younger a splendid beauty. The contour of her face was exquisite ; her eyes were dark and lustrous, her

teeth regular, and her mouth handsome. Her figure had increased to what the French call *magnifique*, but the greatest care was bestowed in preserving its fine proportions. Her dress was rich and becoming: in her hair, and on her neck and arms, she displayed a profusion of jewels. Her manners were most insinuating, her address polished, and her whole appearance very superior to what I could have been led to anticipate. The room, though neat, was but plainly furnished; and the attendant whom I had seen before at the gate was a mean and ill-dressed man; and it struck me that there was a singular incongruity between the sumptuous and splendid appearance of the lovely hostess and the humble furniture of the room, and shabby air of the solitary attendant.

Supper was served: it was good, and the wines excellent. Farrinelli's conversation became most interesting: she spoke French fluently; and notwithstanding my numerous blun-

ders, I perceived she was pleased with my observations. The manner I had hitherto been secluded from the world appeared no secret to her; and my *naïve* remarks betrayed a total ignorance of life, that amused her much. She was evidently taken with my appearance, and when her eyes met mine, I could not misunderstand their meaning. Turning to her brother, I heard her in a low voice remark to him in Italian, “Caracci has only done him justice. He is particularly handsome; and so innocent too! Mother of God! would it not be a pity to injure him?”

Vassalli replied in a low tone: his words did not reach me, but I observed a sneer upon his lip, and a meaning glance of contempt directed at his sister.

The wine circulated fast. Vassalli drank freely: his jests became coarse, and his remarks more vulgar. I saw that Farrinelli was displeased at his conversation, for she soon after rose from the table, and politely intimating

that it was time to separate, the ill-looking servant conducted me to my apartment.

I slept soundly. While still in bed, Paoli came to my room, and opening the curtains, told me it was later than I had supposed it. He added that breakfast was prepared, and the signora, his mistress, was expecting me. I declined his assistance as my valet, and having dressed hastily, was conducted by a female servant to the dressing-room of her mistress.

Farrinelli was half reclining on a couch: she welcomed me with a smile, and placed me beside her. I was struck with her surpassing beauty. The morning dishabille was better calculated to display her numerous charms than even the splendid dress in which I had seen her the preceding night. Her thick dark hair, Madonna-like, was parted on the forehead, and its classic simplicity was happily adapted to her beautifully shaped head. The robe put on with studied negligence, scarce concealed her fine bust and round limbs. One

satin slipper had fallen from her foot ; and that foot, a statuary might have chosen it for his model. She wore no ornament but a bracelet of dark hair, which rested on one arm, than which the sculptor's marble could not be whiter.

On inquiring for Vassalli, she told me that he had been called from the villa by some important business, but he would return in the evening. Could I reconcile myself to a day's imprisonment with her ? After to-morrow her brother would be at my service.

I purposed setting out for Naples, but my proposal was overruled : it was some saint's festival, and consequently I could not see the bankers : of course I remained at the villa. I was left alone with Farrinelli : her seductive manners, her fascinating blandishments, were all exerted. Could they but be successful ? and with one so young, so unsophisticated as myself, was it surprising that Adela was for a time forgotten ? What would have been the conse-

quence, it is not difficult to surmise. Accident alone, I suppose, saved me from the witcheries of the beautiful Italian.

Vassalli returned late: our supper passed as that of the preceding evening. Farrinelli's spirits were exuberant, and the hours flew on delightfully. Her brother took little interest in our conversation, and seemed more devoted to the bottle than his sister wished. Again she gave the signal for us to separate, and I was attended by Paoli to my chamber.

I threw myself without undressing on the couch. I could not sleep. I felt a growing passion for Farrinelli that threatened the happiness of us both. When an Italian loves, the dullest may perceive her feelings. My hostess took little pains to conceal her's. Farrinelli loved me!

My apartment was in the remotest wing of the villa. Although on the upper floor, its distance from the garden was inconsiderable. A trellis rose from the ground to the casement,

and supported some pensile plants and flowers. The night was sultry. I felt disinclined to sleep. I had, without perceiving it, drank more wine than I was accustomed to. I unclosed the casement, and, aided by an espalier, descended to the garden, where, beneath the calmness of an Italian sky, I endeavoured to compose my agitated spirits.

The offices belonging to the villa were at a distance from the house, and the path that I had accidentally taken was the one that led to them. I was surprised to see a light gleaming from a window; and curious to know what part of the family were astir, I approached, and heard Vassalli in conversation with the servant Paoli.

“Be quick,” said the brother of Farrinelli; “ere this I should have been on the road to Naples.”

“Is the stranger in bed?” inquired the attendant.

“Long since,” was the reply; “but look to your mistress, Paoli; for by Saint Antonio, I

never saw a woman so much in love as Marcella is with this stripling."

"Indeed!" said the servant. "Is the count so soon forgotten?"

"Pshaw! she never cared a carlino for him;—she loved his jewels, Paoli!"

"Well, Vassalli, the morning the fool shot himself she took on wonderfully, when I told her of his death."

"He was a noble prize," observed Vassalli. "I hope this young one will be worth our trouble, Paoli; but we can seldom get a duke like Kreutzer. The game was admirably played. By St. Julian, the morning the German took himself off he was not worth a Roman crown;"—and the ruffian laughed hoarsely. "Come, boy, tighten that girth, and give me the pistols from the shelf. I shall be with you to-morrow night. The day does not answer for my travelling. Though it was dusk ere we left the inn last night, every passenger we met I fancied was a sbirro."

As he spoke, I heard the horse's feet, and saw the shadows passing. Fearing that I might be seen, I retreated up the path, and mounting the trellis work, easily regained my chamber.

I had heard enough to convince me that I had fallen into villanous hands. Devereux was my destroyer! The monk's dark history rushed to my memory; and the cabinet—its strange and fearful contents—the scroll, with Marcel-la's name—the drugs—all convinced me that Devereux was a deep and dangerous villain. Adela, too, was exposed to the machinations of this ruffian priest; and I, her only protector, absent! and with the recollection of my gentle love, I found a blush of shame burning on my cheek, as I thought on my recent apostasy. Adela, my own artless, devoted wife, almost forgotten, and her place in my heart usurped by a profligate and mercenary courtesan!

My own situation was critical and full of danger. Escape was difficult, from my igno-

rance of the locality of the villa with the surrounding country. A failure would probably cost me my life; but I determined to attempt it, and trust to fortune and a bold heart. After some consideration, I fixed on the following night to put my design into execution, and in the interim, to prevent any suspicion, I resolved to redouble my attentions to Farrinelli. I passed a miserable night, and when Paoli came to my apartment next morning, mental disquietude and loss of sleep had brought on a feverish attack that induced me to keep my bed.

The attendant was but a short time gone, when I heard a gentle knock at my chamber-door, and my fair hostess entered. Anxiety was apparent in her countenance; and when she took my hand, she exclaimed to her maid, who accompanied her, with some aromatic preparation to apply to my temples—

“Jesu! how it burns! and the pulse is full and quick. Poor boy, you are no fit companion for that sot Vassalli. You must leave the

wine-flask to himself to-night ; but I shall be your physician. Go, Claudine," and giving her a key, and some directions, in a whisper, her maid in a few minutes returned with a phial.

Pouring a small quantity of the liquid it contained into a vase of deliciously-iced orangeade, she put the cup to my burning lips. The draught was refreshing: my thirst abated instantly ; a pleasing languor insensibly came on ; my eyelids became heavy. I heard the curtains softly closed. I felt a woman's lips, long and ardently, pressed to mine ; and I sank into a deep and dreamless slumber.

I slept for many hours, for it was twilight when I awoke. I was wonderfully recovered ; my skin was cool, my pulse was regular, and the fever of the morning was removed. While I was collecting my thoughts and preparing to leave my couch, a soft sign beside my bed told me I was not alone. I looked up: Farrinelli was bending over me and watching my sleep,

with marked solicitude. She took my hand : the fever which had left me had apparently affected her, for her grasp was burning.

As she expressed her pleasure at my recovery, her maid called her from my room. Her absence was short ; but I remarked, on her return, that something had ruffled her temper.

“ I intended that you and I should have supped quietly together to-night ; but an unwelcome visitor has arrived, and I will not expose you to late hours or dissipation. Keep your chamber, Mac Carthy. Claudine will bring your supper. To-morrow, *dearest*, to-morrow, none shall interrupt our conversation.” Claudine’s step was heard in the gallery ; Farrinelli stooped over me, gave me a parting kiss, and vanished.

The repast my hostess had sent to my room was light and nourishing. I ate ; my strength returned ; no lassitude, consequent on illness, remained. I closed my door carefully, when Claudine bade me good night, and prepared,

immediately, to leave the dwelling of this beautiful and dangerous woman. I dressed myself, took out what gold I possessed, and the diamond ring which Adela presented to me at parting, and which I had hitherto secured in my trunk, and with a determination to succeed or perish, I calmly waited till the inmates of the villa should have retired to their respective chambers.

Midnight came; a distant door closed, and all was quiet. Another hour passed: the house was still as death. I opened my casement, and descended to the garden. I cautiously examined the walls that enclosed me. They were unusually high, and I had no means to scale them. I spent a full hour in a hopeless research for some place of egress; and I almost despaired of escape, when suddenly, outside, the noise of a horse's feet approaching at a rapid pace rivetted me to the spot. I was now close to the stables, which I have described as being detached from the villa. The traveller came

quickly on, till I heard him dismount ; and next moment Vassalli's voice, calling on Paoli for admission, informed me who the rider was.

After some delay, at which the horseman betrayed evident impatience, the attendant struck a light, and unclosed the gate. " I did not expect you, Vassalli:—it is two hours past midnight, and Stephano has long since departed :—he waited for you till he quarrelled with Marcella."

" For a kiss or another flask, Paoli?" said Vassalli.

" I know not which ; but, by St. Dominic, the stranger may have either ! He has been ailing of a trifling headache, and Marcella has nursed him like a baby. Claudine says she is distracted about him, and to-night she would have wished Stephano at the devil. I fancy his visit spoiled a *tête-à-tête*."

" The house is quiet?" said Vassalli, anxiously.

" Yes, yes ; the stripling never left his bed ;—

but, Mother of God!"—as he turned the lamp, and saw the situation of the horse—"at what a rate you have ridden!—your cloak is torn. Have you been attacked?"

"No, no," replied Vassalli, impatiently; "but I am in haste; change the saddle to another horse—the bay one, yonder—I must be off without delay.—I will be here immediately."

Crouching behind some thick shrubs, which effectually concealed me from the ruffians, I had heard their conversation, and arranged a plan for my escape. I determined, when the fresh horse was ready, to enter the stable to master Paoli, and trust the rest to fortune. I was, unfortunately, without a weapon; but, confident in my own superior strength and activity, I calculated on success. Vassalli passed my concealment, and went with a stealthy step towards the villa.

I followed him at a safe distance. He soon

tapped at the casement of Marcella's dressing-room; the window opened to the garden. I heard an indistinct conversation between him and a person within. Presently the casement unclosed, and Farrinelli, with a light in her hand, and partially undressed, as if she had been disturbed from her couch, admitted this unseasonable visitor.

Anxious to discover the cause of this late return, and also the probable duration of his visit to Marcella, as by it my attempt on Paoli would be timed, I drew near the dressing-room.—I approached in silence, and the high tone of the voices within favoured my advance. Whatever caused Vassalli's visit, it had irritated the hostess. Through the casement I heard their conversation distinctly.

“Vassalli, what means this intrusion?”

“Marcella,” was the reply, “I am ruined; I have been unfortunate at play, and am left without a zechino.”

“ And why am I disturbed to hear the history of your dissipation? You presume too much, signor.”

“ Be patient, Marcella, I am in immediate peril ;—the sbirri are in pursuit.”

“ And you therefore come here to compromise my safety.—Off! leave this ;—your presence is disagreeable.”

The ruffian made a step or two, and laid his hand upon Marcella’s arm—

“ Come, the worst had better be told. I’m done for at Naples. Rolamo, the cardinal’s favourite nephew, and I played. He won every ducat I possessed ; and when he refused to play on credit, I lost my temper—words ran high, and —”

“ You stabbed him!” said Farrinelli, ironically.

“ Even so ;—I struck this poniard into his bosom.”

“ Did you not rob him next?” said Marcella, with peculiar bitterness.

“ Now, by St. Julian!” said the ruffian, fiercely, “ I am in ill humour to be jeered.”

“ And what brought you here?”

“ I came, Marcella, for your advice. I must be off to Rome or Venice.”

“ Ay, just so.”

“ For if to-morrow finds me here —”

“ Prison and the gallies will be your probable destination.”

“ Therefore unwilling to break upon the wheel, or row for life, I must depart instantly.”

“ There is the door, Vassalli, farewell!—Heaven send thee better temper!”

“ Marcella, you push me too hard,” said the ruffian; “ you tell me Rome or Venice can only save me; how can I reach either without a zechin in my purse?”

“ Rob, man, rob!—you brawl, and cheat, and stab—and why not do the latter?”

“ Marcella, you are playing with a desperate man; I tell thee, woman, Rolamo is dead—his friends are powerful; I am known, and de-

nounced as his murderer; and I shall be broken on the wheel, unless I baffle my pursuers."

"No doubt you tell me truth, Vassalli; why then waste minutes here when a moment may cost your life?"

"Simply, Marcella, because I want the means of escaping.—I am not worth, by the Holy Lady of Loretto! a single carlino:—*you* must afford me the means of safety —"

"I?"

"Yes, Marcella," and his tones deepened, "*you* must supply me with money, or —"

"You would plunder me?" she said, insultingly. "Come, Vassalli, the feat may be spared, I have no money—no means —"

"No money!—no means! where are the German's jewels? where is the gem Caracci sent from Ireland? where are your numerous trinkets? Marcella, in that bureau lies gold enough."

"Are you prepared to plunder it?"

“ No—you, Marcella, will give your friend the means to save him.”

“ Vassalli, if a zechin would save you, I will not give it. Away!—leave this room, or by the Virgin! I will summon the stranger, and tell him the infernal plot formed by Caracci for his ruin. Believe me, his is a bold and daring spirit; and his strength would crush you in a second.”

“ By the Holy Mother! I am both desperate and determined; Marcella, will you assist me?”

I heard a movement towards the door, and Marcella in a firm voice reply, “ No!” Next moment there was a spring—a struggle—a fall—and “ Murder!” was feebly uttered. In an instant the light casement and shutter gave way to my strength. I burst into Farrinelli’s dressing-room: she was lying on the ground beneath Vassalli; the ruffian’s knee was on her breast; with one hand he grasped her throat, and with the other stopped her mouth,

and thus prevented her from calling for assistance.

The crash of the broken casement, and the noise my forcible entrance had made, alarmed the ruffian. Darting his hand into his breast, I saw a dagger glittering; but my impetuous attack was irresistible: ere he gained his feet, with a tremendous blow I levelled him to the ground. His head struck against the marble tripod, and the stiletto flew from his nerveless grasp. I seized the weapon; but it was unnecessary for my defence, for Vassalli, deluged in blood, lay insensible on the floor.

I approached Marcella, and raised her gently in my arms. She was nearly exhausted by the villain's attempt. I laid her on the sofa, and brought some essences from the toilet which I applied with success. She soon recovered, and her fervent thanks were offered to Heaven, mingled with professions of eternal gratitude to me, for her providential deliverance from the ruffian hands of the murderer. Farrinelli

had a bold heart and a woman's quickness; she noticed my dress, and instantly conjectured the cause of my being so opportunely in the garden, and to her inquiries I candidly confessed that I was escaping.

“ You were flying from *me*, then, Mac Carthy?”

“ Marcella,” I replied, “ I dare not trust myself. I have a wife—a wife I adore; and for whom I would freely shed my heart's best blood. I feel my weakness, and—”

A momentary flush passed over her pale cheek. “ You are right, Mac Carthy, your determination confirms my half-formed resolve; and this night shall end Farrinelli's career! Start not. I mean not that I shall cease to live, but that I shall live no longer for the world. There is no time to lose. Is Vassalli dead?”

I examined the bleeding ruffian. There was a deep wound in his forehead, from which the blood flowed in torrents. I bound it with a

handkerchief: he breathed, but was insensible.

“Come,” said Marcella, “we will escape together; in another hour that would be impossible. Can you master Paoli?”

“Easily,” I replied.

“Then I will be with you in a few minutes.”

She retired to an inner chamber, but soon returned, equipped for travelling; and having unlocked her bureau, took from it a box, which she told me contained some gold and jewels. She pointed to Vassalli’s cloak, and desired me to take it: then leading the way to the stables, I silently followed.

As we approached, she gave me her directions in a whisper. Paoli expected his companion; and concealed in the ruffian’s cloak, I closed with him, without being suspected; and before he could offer any resistance, I had him on the ground, and Vassalli’s weapon at his throat. He begged hard for mercy, and without opposition allowed himself to be bound to

the manger. I prepared a horse with a woman's saddle for Marcella, and mounting the one already accoutred for Vassalli, we issued from the court-yard, and found ourselves in the remote avenue which led to the public road.

In an hour we reached the city ; and having traversed several streets, we stopped, by Farri-nelli's directions, at a small house, the exterior of which was most unpromising. At this untimely hour I was surprised to find the inmates astir ; but my astonishment was unbounded when I was ushered into a noble room, where every appurtenance that luxury could require was displayed. Marcella played the hostess ; and with her customary warmth pressed me to partake of the splendid supper, which was served in silver. Soon after she observed that the night had worn away, and offered to conduct me to my chamber. She led me to a spacious apartment ; within it was a closet, looking towards the street ; it contained a couch, and suitable furniture.

“ Sleep securely here,” she said ; “ fear nothing ; I shall occupy the outer room, and—” while a deep blush overspread her face—“ and Mac Carthy shall be alike secure from the attempts of woman on his heart, or man against his person.” She took my hand and pressed it to her lips, and commending me to the Virgin’s care, retired, and left me to my repose.

I heard her lock the door. The first light of morning was beaming through the grated lattice. All within the house was quiet. I extinguished the lamp, and without undressing, threw myself on the couch. The agitation produced by the occurrences of the past night gradually subsided. I offered up a fervent prayer for Adela, and in a short time fell into a deep slumber.

END OF VOL. II.

THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL,

AND

NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC, and particularly that of the UNITED SERVICES, is respectfully invited to this new PERIODICAL, which was commenced on the 1st January, 1829, in Monthly Numbers, price 2s. 6d. each, and embraces subjects of such extensive variety, and of such powerful interest, as must render it scarcely less acceptable to the well-informed Civilian, than to the Members of those Professions for whose use it is more peculiarly intended.

Independently of a succession of ORIGINAL PAPERS on innumerable interesting subjects, PERSONAL NARRATIVES, CORRESPONDENCE, ANECDOTES, &c. each Number comprises BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of EMINENT OFFICERS—REVIEWS of NEW PUBLICATIONS, either immediately relating to the Army and Navy, or involving subjects of utility or interest to the members of either—PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS, as far as they relate to Naval or Military Affairs—TRIALS by COURTS MARTIAL, GENERAL ORDERS, CIRCULARS, &c.—DISTRIBUTIONS of the ARMY and NAVY—PROMOTIONS and APPOINTMENTS—BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, OBITUARY—and MISCELLANIES, NAVAL and MILITARY, comprehending such brief Notices, Professional, Literary, and Scientific, as cannot with propriety be arranged under the preceding heads. Among the numerous original Papers given in Nos. 1 to 7, already published, will be found the following

PERSONAL NARRATIVES.

Waterloo before and after the Battle—Storming of Ciudad Rodrigo—The Battle of Navarino—Storming of Badajoz—Cutting out, a Galley Story—The Battle of Salamanca—The Battle of Quatre-Bras—The Battle of Trafalgar—Escalade of the Castle of Badajoz—The English at Valenciennes—A Hussar's Life on Service—The Campaign in Portugal under Sir Arthur Wellesley in 1809—Sketch of the Battle of Athens—From Waterloo to Paris in 1815—Capt. Dillon's Account of the fate of La Perouse—Capt. R. Bennett's Account of his Captivity among the Burmese—Sketch of the Battle of Algiers—Recollections of Walcheren—The Expedition against Ras el Khyma—Naval Reminiscences—Advance from Salamanca—The Sea Fight of Salona.—There will also be found the following BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS :—Capt. Sir William Hoste, Bart.—Sir Henry Calvert, Bart.—Lieut.-Col. Denham—Major-Gen. Ross—The late Lieut.-Col. Kelly—The late Capt. Philip Beaver—The late Gen. Sir Brent Spencer.

It would be impossible, within the narrow compass of this announcement, to enumerate all the subjects which this Miscellany is designed to embrace. The Publisher will only therefore add, that it is conducted by Officers in His Majesty's Service, who have insured the effective co-operation of gentlemen of high professional and literary character, and that it will be uniformly animated by the same ardent spirit of patriotism and loyalty which achieved the triumphs of Trafalgar and of Waterloo.

Published by HENRY COLBURN, New Burlington Street;

To whom Communications for the Editor may be addressed.

The Numbers are supplied by all retail Booksellers and Newsvenders throughout the Kingdom.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 051363619